THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 75. PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT No. 726 SANSOM ST. Philadelphia, Saturday, June 27, 1896. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 52

THE END OF THE WORLD.

BY A. S.

Don't you remember when you and I,
Once in the golden July weather,
Make up our very small minds to try
To walk to the end of the world together?
You were just three, and I was five;
How we danced through the sweet red clover,
Surely the happiest pair alive—
Telling each other over and over,
"Maud, you're a little fairy queen!"
"Jack, you're a prince with a cap and feather!
We won't come back to tell what we've seen
Till we find the end of the world together.'

A score of years have passed since then,
Bringing the storm and the sunshiny weather;
What would you think should I ask again,
Shall we walk to the end of the world together?
Borne on the wings of the summer air,
Comes a breath of the same sweet clover;
Your soul looks out of your face so fair,
And my heart is singing over and over,
"I am the prince and you are my queen!"
"Then look in the future and answer whether,
Through every possible changing scene,
We may walk to the end of the world together."

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "HER MOTHER'S SIN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—(CONTINUED.)

WHEN they reached the boudoir Lady Estelle seemed to forget why they had gone there. She sat down on the couch, and placed Doris by her side.

"I saw you once when you were quite a little child," she said. "How you have altered; how tall you have grown!" She laid her hands on the shining waves of hair.

"What beautiful hair you have!" she continued, and her fingers lingered caressingly on it. "They tell me, child, that you are really promised in marriage—is it true?"

There was no flush on that lovely young face; no sweet tender coyness in the beautiful eyes; they were raised quite calmly to the questioning face.

"Yes," she replied; "it is quite true."

A look quite indescribable came over Lady Estelle; something yearning, wistful; then she slowly added:

"A love story always interests me. Will you tell me yours?"

"I have none," was the quick reply. "Earle Moray asked me to marry him, and I said yes."

"But you love him?" asked Lady Estelle.

"Yes, I love him—at least I suppose so. I do not know what love is; but I imagine I love him."

"You do not know what love is?" said Lady Estelle, in a tone of suppressed vehemence. "I will tell you."

"It is a fire that burns and pains—burns and pains; it is a torrent that destroys everything in its way; it is a hurricane that sweeps over every obstacle; it is a tempest in which the ship is for ever and ever tossed; it is the highest bliss, the deepest misery! Oh! child! pray, pray, that you may never know what love is!"

Who could have recognised the quiet, graceful, languid Lady Estelle? Her face shone like flame, and her eyes flashed fire—the calm, proud repose was all gone. Doris looked at her in wonder.

"There must be many kinds of love. I know nothing of that which you describe, and Earle loves me quite differently."

"How does he love you?" asked Lady Estelle.

"He is always singing to me, and these are his favorite lines:

"'Thou art my life, my soul, my heart,
The very eyes of me;
Thou hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.'

And that just expresses Earle's love."

The lady's eyes were riveted on the glorious face; the rich, sweet voice had given such force and effect to the words. Then she said anxiously:

"You will be very happy in your new life, I hope—even should I never see you again—I hope you will be happy."

"I hope so," replied Doris, in a dubious voice. Then her face brightened as she looked round the magnificent room.

"I should be happy enough here," she said. "This is what my soul loves best—this is better than love."

The lady drew back from the girl as though she had been struck.

"Faithless and debonair," she murmured.

Doris looked inquiringly at her.

"This is what you love best," she said. "You mean luxury and magnificence?"

"Yes, I mean that—it is ten thousand times better than love."

"But," said Lady Estelle, "that is a strange doctrine for one so young as you."

"I am young, but I know something of life," said Doris. "I know that money can purchase everything, can do everything, can influence everything."

"But," said Lady Estelle, drawing still further from her, "you would not surely tell me that of all the gifts of this world you value money most."

"I think I do," said Doris, with a frank smile.

"That is strange in one so young," said Lady Estelle. "I am so sorry." Then she rose, saying, coldly: "You will like to see the pictures. You think it strange that I should speak to you in this fashion. As I told you before, a love story interests me. I am sorry that you have none."

The change was soon perceived by Doris, and just as quickly understood.

"I do not think," she said, gently, "that you have quite understood me. I do not love money; that is, the actual gold. It is the pleasures that money can purchase which seem to me so enviable, that I long so urgently for."

Lady Estelle smiled.

"I see—I understand. You did not express just what you meant; that is a different thing. There seems to me something hateful in the love of money. So you long for pleasure, my poor child. You little know how soon it would tire you."

"Indeed, it never would," she replied, eagerly. "I should like—oh, how much I should like!—to live always in rooms beautiful as these, to wear shining jewels, rich silks, costly laces! I do not, and never have, liked my own home; in some strange way it never seems to belong to me, nor I to it."

Lady Estelle drew near to her again.

"You do not like it, poor child?" she said. "That is very sad. Yet they are very kind to you?"

"Yes, they are kind to me. I can not explain what I mean. I never seem to think as they think, or do as they do. I am not good either, after their fashion of being good."

"What is your idea of being good?" asked Lady Estelle.

"Pleasing myself, amusing myself, making myself happy."

"It is a comfortable philosophy, at least. What is he like, this Earle Moray, whom your father calls a poet and gentleman?" asked Lady Estelle.

Doris smiled. She did not blush, nor did her eyes droop; there was no shyness or timidity.

"He is fair," she replied, "and he has a noble head, crowned with clustering hair; his face is spiritual and tender, and his mouth beautiful as a woman's."

"That is a good description; I can almost see him. You love him or you could not describe him so."

"He will be a great man in the future," replied the girl.

Then she started at finding on what familiar terms she was with this daughter of a mighty duke. They were sitting side by side, and Lady Estelle had again taken the shining hair in her hand.

Doris' hat had become unfastened, and she held it with a careless grace. It even surprised herself to find she was as much at home and at her ease with Lady Estelle Hereford as she was with Mattie.

"Where shall you live after you are married?" asked Lady Estelle, gently.

"At Lindenholm for some little time; but Earle has promised me that I shall go to London. I live only in that hope."

"Why do you wish so ardently for London?"

"Because people know what life means there. They have balls, parties, fetes, music, operas, theatres, and I long for a life of pleasure."

"How much you will have to suffer!" said Lady Estelle, unconsciously.

"Why?" asked Doris, in surprise.

"Because you expect so much, and the world has so little to give—that is why. But come, we are forgetting the pictures."

In the long gallery they were joined by the duke; curious to again see the beautiful face had brought him there.

Doris was looking at a portrait that pleased her very much, and her beautiful profile was seen to perfection. The duke started as his eyes fell upon it. He went up to his daughter.

"Estelle," he said, in a low voice, "who is it that young girl resembles—some one we know well? Look at the curve of the lip, the straight, clear blow!"

"I do not see any likeness," she replied, with white, trembling lips, "none at all; but oh! papa, I am so tired. I am not so well as usual to-day; I seem to have no strength."

She sat on one of the crimson seats, and the duke forgot all about their visitor in his anxiety for her.

"I will send these people home," he said, but she interrupted him.

"Not just yet, papa; it will be such a pleasure to me to show that pretty young girl my flowers."

CHAPTER XX.

LADY ESTELLE and Doris went together through the beautiful conservatories that formed one of the great attractions of the castle, and Doris fancied herself in fairyland.

She showed then, that although she might have no particular love for nature, she had a grand eye for the picturesque.

Lady Estelle desired her here and there to gather a spray of choice blossoms. She did so, and the way in which she grouped and arranged them was marvelous.

"You have a good eye for color," said Lady Estelle, as she watched the white fingers, with the scarlet and amber flowers. It pleased her to see the girl lingering among them—to see the beautiful face bending over the blossoms.

They came to a pretty little corridor, roofed with glass; but the glass was hidden by the luxuriance of an exotic climbing plant.

Great scarlet bells, with white, fragrant hearts, hung down in glorious profusion. In the middle of the corridor stood a large fountain, and the water was brilliant with gold fish.

There were pretty seats, half overhung by the leaves of the hanging plant. It was when they reached here that the servant came in search of Lady Estelle; she was wanted in the drawing room to see some visitors who had arrived. She turned to Doris, with a kindly smile:

"I am sure you must be tired," she said; "will you rest here? I am so sorry to leave you, but I shall not be long."

With the dignified air of a young princess, Doris seated herself, the footman looked on in silent wonder; he had rarely seen his languid mistress so attentive even to her most intimate friends.

Then Doris was left alone in the rich, mellow light. The rippling spray of the fountain and the gleaming of the gold fish amused her for some time; then she took up her magnificent flowers, and began to arrange them.

She was so deeply engaged with them, that she did not hear the sound of footsteps; the velvet curtain at the end of the corridor was raised, and a tall, handsome man stood looking in mute wonder at the picture before him.

There, in the mellow light, was a picture that for beauty of coloring could not be surpassed.

A young girl, with the face of an angel, and hair of the purest shining gold; white hands, that shone like snow flakes, among crimson and amber blossoms; the background was formed by the scarlet bells and green leaves of the drooping plant.

He stood for some minutes looking on in silent wonder; and while he so stands Lord Charles Vivianne is an object worth studying; tall, well made, with a fine, erect figure, and easy, dignified bearing, he would attract attention even among a crowd of men.

His face was handsome, but not good, the eyes are dark and piercing; the brows are arched and thick; but the mouth, the key to the whole face, is a bad one. The lips, thick and weak, are hidden by a moustache.

It is the face of a man who lives entirely to please himself, who knows no restraint, who consults his own inclinations, and who would sacrifice every one and everything to himself.

The dark eyes are riveted on the golden hair and exquisite face of the girl.

It was some minutes before she becomes aware of his presence, and then something causes her to look up, and she sees those same dark eyes, full of admiration, gleaming at her.

She does not blush, but the dainty rose-bloom deepens on her face, and the violet eyes flash back a look of archest coquetry into his own.

That look decided him. If she had blushed or looked at all embarrassed, he, being what is called a gentleman, would have turned away; that glance, so full of fire, of coquetry—so subtle, so sweet—seemed to start something like delicious poison through his veins.

He comes nearer to her, making a most profound and respectful bow. Then he sees her dress, so plain and homely, although coquettishly worn, and he is at a loss to imagine who she can be.

The loveliness, the perfect aristocratic grace of face and figure, are what he would have expected from a visitor at Downsbury Castle.

The impress of high birth is on both of them, but the dress is not equal to that of a lady's maid, yet she is sitting there so

perfectly at her ease, she must be a visitor.

Lord Charles Vivianne, with his eyes still riveted upon her, speculates in vain.

"I beg pardon," he says, at last. "I hope you will accept my apologies; but I was told that Lady Estelle was here, and I wish to see her."

"She will return very soon," replies Doris. The words are brief and simple, but the eyes seem to say, "Stay with me till she comes."

"Have I the pleasure of speaking to a visitor at the castle?" he asks, with a bow.

Then she blushes, feeling more ashamed than ever of Brackenside and its belongings.

"I came to see the castle," she replies, "and Lady Estelle is kind enough to show me the flowers."

He understood at once. Then saying to himself that in all probability she was a protegee of my lady's, the daughter of some tenant-farmer, who had, as a great treat, been promised a sight of the wonders of the castle—he was perfectly at his ease then.

There was no such admirer of fair women in all the world as Lord Vivianne, and this was the fairest he had ever seen. A farmer's daughter without the prestige of rank and wealth to save her—fair prey for him.

Had she been the daughter of a duke, an earl, a baron, he would simply have laid his plans for flirting with her; as it was, he sat down and deliberately said to himself that heart and soul should be his.

Some little faults lay at her door. Her eyes invited him; they said things that his would not have dared to utter; they were full of the sweetest and most subtle invitation, gracefully veiled by the long, dark lashes. Lord Charles had done as he would all his life, and now that his eyes rested on this fairest of all faces, it was not likely that he would let anything baffle him.

"You have a beautiful resting-place," he said, "I have never seen anything to equal the beauty of this place."

"It is very beautiful," she replied; "to me it seems like fairy-land."

"I have been staying here for a week," he continued, "and I have not seen half the beauty of the castle yet."

"You have been staying here?" she said, with unconscious stress on the word "here."

"Yes; I admire the scenery hereabouts. I think it is almost about the finest we have."

"I have never been out of this county," she replied, "so I cannot tell."

He raised his dark brows in surprise.

"You have never been away from home?" he said; "what a pity, and what a shame!"

"Why is it a shame?" she asked, with another of those sweet glances that invited him to woo her.

"Providence does not send such a face as yours in the world once in a century," he replied, "and then all the world should see it."

Doris looked pleased, not shy or timid; she was perfectly at home with him, and saw it.

"I must introduce myself," he said, "as Lady Estelle does not return—I am Lord Charles Vivianne—if I dared, I should ask to whom I have the honor of speaking."

She did blush then with gratified vanity and delight. It was something that she should have a handsome lord by her side, and that he should admire her. He did admire her, she knew; she could read it in his eyes and the flattering homage of his smile.

Lord Charles Vivianne!—She wondered whether he was very rich, great, and celebrated. A lord!—oh, if she could only make a conquest of him!

"I wish I dare ask to whom I have the honor of speaking."

And then she raised her eyes with something of defiance, and said:

"My name is Doris—Doris Brace."

He said the name softly.

"Doris? What a pretty name! Now that you have been kind enough to answer me one question, I should like to ask another—do you live near here?"

"I live at Brackenside," she replied. "My father is a tenant of the duke's—he is a farmer."

"Then I was right in my first surmise," he said.

"Pray, what was that?" asked Doris.

"I was watching you for some minutes before you saw me, and I guessed that you were a daughter of one of the duke's tenants."

She raised her head with a magnificent pride and lofty disdain that almost annihilated him.

"That is to say you thought I looked like a farmer's daughter. I thank you so much for the compliment."

"Nay," he replied, "I thought that you looked like a queen."

The dark eyes seemed to flash light and love into her own. It must be admitted that Lord Charles Vivianne thoroughly understood the art of winning women.

"Doris?" he said; "I am struck with the name, because I do not remember that I ever met with any one who wore it before. How beautiful these flowers are! Will you give me one to keep in memory of this, our first meeting?"

She tightened her hold on the scarlet and amber blossoms. He could not help noticing the beauty of the white hand that held them.

"I think not," she replied. "In all the poems that I ever read something is done to win a flower before it is given."

"I have done something to win it," he replied.

She raised her beautiful eyes to his.

"Have you? I did not know it. Will you tell me what it is?"

"If you will promise me not to be angry," he whispered.

She drew back from him and laughed.

"How can I be angry?" she asked. "I beg of you to tell me what you have done to win a flower."

His eyes seemed to light his face with love and passion.

"I will tell you what I have done," he said. "In one minute I have laid at your feet, in silence, the homage that another could not have won in a whole year. Now will you give me a flower?"

He took one of the scarlet blossoms, and in doing so his fingers touched hers.

"I shall never part with it," he said. Then he heard the sound of the opening of the conservatory door, and he knew that Lady Estelle was coming. "Shall you be very angry with me," he asked, in a quiet whisper, "if you see me near your home?"

"No," she replied.

Then he arose and went over to the other end of the conservatory, so that when Lady Estelle entered, she could not have any idea that they had exchanged one word.

Still she looked surprised, and not very well pleased at finding him there. He came forward quickly, never even looking at Doris.

"I had hoped to find you here, Lady Estelle," he said. "I have waited your return. I am going over to Hyndlow this morning, and you said that you wished me to take something to Lady Eleanor."

"Yes," she replied; "I will attend to it. I shall see you before you go."

She dismissed him with a queenly bow, and he went, never once looking at Doris, but her eyes lingered on him till he was out of sight; then she looked at Lady Estelle, and they seemed to reproach the duke's daughter that she had not considered her worthy of an introduction.

Lady Estelle perfectly understood the mute reproach, but would not notice it.

"I am sorry," she said, languidly, "that the duchess is so busily engaged this morning. She has asked me to say that she wishes you well in the new life opening to you."

"It is time to go," thought Doris. Her quick ear seemed to be almost a sixth sense. She thanked Lady Estelle for her kindness, and Lady Estelle did what was very unusual for her—held out her hand.

"Good-bye!" she said, with a faint, sad smile. "You will remember our little argument, and always bear in mind that the greatest of earthly blessings is love."

"I shall remember that you have said so," laughed Doris, wondering why the cold, jeweled hand held hers so tightly.

"If I never see you again," said the languid, caressing voice, "I shall not forget you, and I wish you well."

There was something so strange in the lady's face and manner that Doris was half startled.

The usual light, graceful words did not come so easily.

"Good-bye!" she repeated. "This has been the happiest day in my life, and I thank you for it."

She turned away to follow the servant who had come in search of her, but the quiet, gentle eyes of Lady Estelle rested on her until she was out of sight.

CHAPTER XXI.

LORD CHARLES VIVIANNE had been completely spoiled by good fortune. An only son, he had succeeded quite early to the magnificent estate, a large fortune, and an ancient title.

As a handsome boy, he had been caressed, indulged, and spoiled; his mother never allowed him to be thwarted in any wish or desire; his father thought there was no equal to him.

They both died while he was still in his early youth, and he was left to the care of guardians who were just as indulgent.

Son e young men would not have suffered so terribly from this as he did; but he was not naturally good, and circumstances fostered all the evil that was in him.

Fair women flattered him; he was a great prize in the matrimonial market. He knew that some of the fairest and noblest women in England would have been proud and pleased to have shared his lot; he knew that he could choose where he would, but, although the chains of Hymen might be made of the fairest roses, he would never wear them.

He had resolved to have as much enjoyment as possible out of his life, and, to secure that, he decided upon roaming like a butterfly, and marrying when he grew older.

He was wealthy, and the possessor of an ancient title and magnificent estates; but the name of Lord Charles Vivianne was not held in highest honor by the world—it was not one of purest renown.

Husbands with beautiful wives, fathers with fair young daughters, looked reproachfully on him, for neither virtue, honor, friendship, principle, nor pity, ever stood in his way when he had a caprice to gratify or a whim to indulge.

He laughed at the notion of a broken heart. In his creed, women were quite an inferior order of creation—they might have souls or they might not, that was a mere matter of belief—they were created simply for the amusement of the passing hour, and to do the real drudging work of the world.

How many women's hearts he broke how many fair young lives he blighted, will all be known on that terrible day when sin is called by its right name, and there is no gloss thrown over it.

He had had numerous flirtations, but love he had never known. If he saw a face that pleased him, he pursued it until he won it, and, then it might perish like a faded rose-leaf—it was of no more interest to him.

Ah, it was an evil hour in which he saw the promised wife of Earle Moray! He had never met anyone so lovely; his heart was on fire as he thought of the perfect beauty of her face and figure.

There was not the least pity in his heart as he said to himself he must win her, no matter what it cost him; she was well worth some little trouble, and she was willing to be won, if he could judge from her eyes.

The last thing Doris saw, as she drove away from the castle gates, was Lord Charles Vivianne watching her intently, with love and admiration in his face. He was not so handsome as Earle; he lacked the fair, spiritual beauty of the poet; but he was a lord, and, to some people, that one fact makes the whole world of difference.

Doris went home with her thoughts in a maze, her head whirling with all she had seen and heard; but the one dominant idea was that she had been admired by a lord.

It has been a most unfortunate thing for her, the visit to Downsbury Castle; but for it she might in time have grown reconciled to her lot; she might have learned to love and appreciate Earle; she might have lived and died happily; but for it this story had never been written.

It was the turning-point in her life; it seemed to bring into sudden and vivid life all the evils that had lain dormant; it aroused the vanity, the ambition, the love of luxury and pleasure, that of conquest and admiration, until it became a living flame nothing could extinguish.

How plain and homely the little farm seemed to her after the magnificence of Downsbury Castle! How homely and uncouth Mattie and her mother were after the languid, graceful Lady Estelle! Nothing pleased her, nothing contented her.

"I have been foolish," she thought; "I wish I had not promised to marry Earle. Who knows but there might have been a chance for me to win this handsome lord. Lady Doris Vivianne!—I like the sound of that name; what a difference between that and Mrs. Earle Moray. How foolish I was to be in such a hurry!"

So that evening, when poor Earle came, impatient to see her, longing for one kind word, thirsting to talk to her, he was received with great coldness by her. Oh, heaven! how pitiful it was to see the handsome face droop and sadden, the lips tremble, the eyes grow dim with tears.

He might be master of the English language, that he certainly was; he might be master of the heart of poesy, but he was a slave to her, to her whims, her caprices, her humor. It was the first time she had been cold to him, the first time her face had not brightened for him. She did not even smile when he entered the room. He hastened up to her, and bending down he kissed the beautiful face.

"My darling Doris," he said, "I thought the day would never come to an end. I have been longing to see you."

Another time the sweet face would have been raised to his; she would have given kiss for kiss; she would have welcomed him as he loved best to be welcomed; but to-day she merely turned impatiently aside.

"I wish you would be more careful, Earle," she said. "You make my hair so untidy."

"I am very sorry, dear," he said, gently. "It is such beautiful hair, Doris, and I think it looks even more beautiful when it is what you call untidy."

"There is no reason why you should make it so," she retorted.

Then he looked with wondering eyes into her face.

"You are not well, or you are tired; which is it?"

"I am tired," she replied, "tired to death. Earle, do not tease me."

"I ought to have remembered your long journey—of course you are tired. You ought to lie down, and I will read to you. That will rest you."

"Pray, do not get fussy, Earle. Other people get tired, but no one likes a fuss made over them."

Again he looked at her. Could this girl, who received him so coldly, so indifferently, be his own beautiful, bright Doris? It seemed incredible. Perhaps he had been so unfortunate as to offend her. He bent over her again.

"Doris," he said, gently, "have I been so unfortunate as to displease you?"

"No," she replied. "I do not remember that you have."

"You're so changed, I can hardly imagine that this is you."

The pain in his voice touched her. She looked at him; his face had grown very pale, and there was a cloud in his clear, loving eyes. She laughed a low, impatient laugh.

"Pray do not be so unhappy because I am cross," she said. "I never pretended to have a good temper. I am always impatient over something or other."

"But why with me? You know that your smile makes heaven to me; your frown despair. Why be cross with me, darling? I would give all I have on earth to save you from one unhappy moment."

"I am tired," she said, "and I can not forget the castle, Earle. I wish so much that I had been born to live in such a place; I should have been quite at home and happy there."

"Are you not at home and happy here?" he asked.

"No," she replied. "Happy in a lonely, dreary farmhouse?"

"With the kindest of parents, the sweetest of sisters, the most devoted of lovers, it seems to me, Doris, that you have all the elements of happiness."

She did not even hear him; she was thinking of the grandeur she had seen.

"I call that something like life," she continued—"luxury and gayety. I would sooner never have been born at all than be condemned to spend all my days in this place."

"But it will not be spent here, my darling; it will be spent with me."

His face glowed; the rapture of content came over it. There was no response in hers.

"I shall change Brackenside for Lindenholm," she said. "I can not see that it will make much difference. It is only exchanging one farmhouse for another."

"But I who love you in the other," he said, gently. "Oh, Doris, you pain me so greatly! I know that you do not mean what you say, but you wound me nearly to death."

Again she hardly heard him.

"I should very much like to know," Doris continued, "if it is fair to place me, with a keen, passionate longing for life, gaiety, and pleasure, here, where I have none of the three."

"None of the three!" he repeated, sadly, "and I find heaven with you." He knelt down in front of her, where he could see her face, and he drew it gently down to his own.

"I will not believe you mean this, my darling; if I did believe it, I should go mad. Your beauty-loving, artistic nature

has been aroused by what you have seen, and it makes you slightly discontented with us all. You ought to reign in the palace, my darling, because you are so beautiful and brilliant; but the palace shall be of my winning. You shall have every luxury that you have seen and envied."

"When?" she asked, briefly, bringing his castle in the air suddenly to the ground.

"Soon, my darling—you do not know how hard I am working—soon as I can possibly accomplish it."

"Work!" she replied. "A man may work for a lifetime, and yet never earn sufficient to build a house, much less a castle. Look at my father, how hard he works, yet he is not rich, and never will be."

"But my work is different from his, Doris. There have been poets who have made large fortunes."

"And there have been poets who have died in a garret," she replied.

"But I have not that intention," cried Earle, with a look of power. "I will win wealth for you; the thought of you gives me skill, nerve, and courage for anything. Have patience, my darling!"

"Oh, Earle, it was so beautiful!" she cried, pitilessly interrupting him; "and that Lady Estelle wore such a beautiful dress! She has a strange way of moving—it produces a strange effect—so slowly and so gracefully, as though she were moving to rhythm of some hidden music. And those rooms—I can never forget them! To think that people should live and move in the midst of such luxury!"

He raised the white hand to his lip.

"They are not all happy, Doris. Oh, believe me, darling! money, luxury, magnificence can not bring happiness. Sooner or later one wearies of them."

"I never should," she answered, gently. "If I could live twenty lives, instead of one, I should never weary. I should like every hour of each of them to be filled with pleasure."

"That is because you have had so little," he said wistfully. "You shall have a bright future."

Just at that moment Mattie Bruce entered the room and Doris looked at her with a smile.

"A little brown mouse like Mattie," she said, "can easily be content. You are happy as the day is long, are you not, Mattie?"

The quiet brown eyes, with their look of wistful pain, rested for one moment upon Earle, then the young girl said, calmly:

"Certainly, I am happy and content. Why should I not be? I always think that the same good God who made me know how and where to place me—know best what I was fitted for."

"There," said Doris, "that is the kind of material your model women are made of. I shall never be a model woman—Mattie will never be anything else."

"Mattie is quite right," said Earle. "There is nothing so vain and so useless as longing for that which we can never attain. Come, Doris, you look better and brighter than you did when I first came in. Tell me all about your great day at the castle."

She told him of the duke's kind reception, of Lady Estelle's condescension, of all the beautiful things she had seen, and how the duke's daughter had given her some flowers, and talked to her. But not one word did she say of Lord Charles Vivianne. It was better, she thought, not to mention that.

"I am sorry you ever went near the castle," said Mattie, gravely. "I do not think you will ever be quite the same girl again, and I have a presentiment that in some shape or other evil will come of it."

And Earle, as he heard those words, turned away with a heavy sigh.

CHAPTER XXII.

EARLE wondered much what had happened to change his lady-love so completely. Looking back, he found that she had never been quite the same since the day she went to the castle.

At first he thought it merely a girlish feeling of discontent; it would pass away in time as the remembrance of all the luxury and splendor she had seen faded from her. Every morning when he arose he thought, "It will come all right to day; she will put her sweet arms around my neck, and bend her beautiful face to mine, and tell me she is sorry—oh! so sorry, that she has been cold to me."

But the days passed on, and that golden dream was never verified; the coldness seemed to grow greater, and the shadow deeper.

Once, when she was walking out with Earle, she saw Lord Vivianne. He was walking down the high-road, and she knew well that he had been at the farm to look for her. Her heart beat when she saw him as it had never done for the man she had promised to marry.

Earle was an ordinary man; this was a lord, and he had been purposely to look for her. He looked so handsome, so distinguished; she turned almost involuntarily from him to Earle, and the contrast was not in the poet's favor. Lord Vivianne was beautifully dressed in the most faultless and exquisite taste. Earle had not the advantage of a London tailor.

As they drew nearer, Earle, quite unconscious that Doris had ever seen the stranger before, made some remarks about him.

"He has a handsome face," said Earle, "but it is not a face I like; it is not good."

"Good!" repeated Doris; "that is like you and Mattie. Earle, you think every one must be good."

"So they must," replied Earle.

Then they were both silent, for the stranger was just passing by. He looked at Doris, but he did not bow or speak to her; only from his eyes to hers there passed a strange gleam of intelligence. He did not think it wise to make a sign of recognition before the young escort who looked at him with such keen questioning eyes.

"He would only begin to ask half a hundred questions about me, which she would find it difficult to answer," he thought; so he passed on in silence, and for a few minutes Doris was beside herself with vexation.

"It is all because this tiresome Earle is with me," she thought. "If I had been alone he would have stopped and have talked to me. How can I tell what he would have said? Perhaps he would have asked me to marry him—perhaps he is going away, and he wanted to bid me good bye. Oh, if I could but see him alone!"

She looked again at Earle, and it seemed to her that in comparison with this other young man he was so inferior, she felt a sudden sense of impatience that made her unjust to him.

Earle thought no more of the stranger who had passed them on the high-road—it was nothing very unusual—strangers passed them continually. But Doris thought of nothing else.

She had begun to walk in the best of spirits, but now she hardly spoke. Earle could not imagine what change had passed over the summer sky of his love. She was impatient, complained of being tired, turned to go home.

He was growing accustomed to her caprices now; and though they pained him, as the unkindness of those we love is certain to pain us, still he bore it patiently; he used to think that as she was young the quiet home life tired her.

It would be all right when he could take her away, where she would be happy and bright; still the pain was very keen, so keen that it blanched his face, and made his lips tremble. If she could make him so happy, why could he not suffice for her?

Doris wanted to be alone and to think over what had happened. Lord Vivianne had been there in the hope of seeing her, that was certain. If he had been once, it was just possible that he might come again. She resolved on the morrow to be out alone, no matter what Earle said. Chance favored her.

Earle came over quite early, and remained but a short time. His mother wished him to go over to Quainton, and he would not return till evening.

"So that I shall not see much of you, my beautiful Doris," he said.

She was so relieved to hear it that it made her more than usually kind to him. She looked up to him with a sunny smile; she held her bright face for him to kiss; she was so kind to him that all his fears died away, and he rejoiced in the sunshine of his perfect love.

She was kind to him, gentle, caressing, loving, because she was going to deceive him. Women are so constituted, they can veil the greatest cruelty with a pretense of the greatest affection. There was no fear in the heart of her young lover, while she knew that if the opportunity were given to her, she would assuredly perjure herself.

Earle went away perfectly happy, and when he was gone Doris breathed freely. She went to the dairy where her mother and sister were busy at work. She looked for a minute with great contempt on the cans of rich milk and cream. Mattie was deeply engaged in the mysteries of curds and whey.

"Mother," said Doris, "you do not want me?"

"Well, for the matter of that, it is not much use wanting you, my dear; you do not like work."

"Indeed I do not. It is such a pleasant morning, I thought of going through Thorp Woods."

"Very well. Though mind, Doris, it is not quite right for you to go out amusing yourself while Mattie works so hard."

"But if I stay at home I shall not work, so I am better out of the way."

Mrs. Bruce knew it was false reasoning, but what was the use of saying so; she had long since ceased arguing with Doris.

"Do not expect me back very early. I may go to see Lottie Granger," said Doris.

Thinking it wise that no hour should be set for her return, she intended to cross the high-road and linger in the hope of seeing him. There was no fear of discovery.

Her mother and Mattie were settled for the day, Earle had gone to Quainton, her father also was away in some distant meadow land. She hoped that she could see her lord, for no time could be more favorable for a long conversation. She was singing upstairs in her own room.

"I must make myself look as nice as I can," she thought.

She inspected her wardrobe; there was really nothing in it worth wearing. She gave an impatient sigh.

There was a plain white hat, trimmed with blue ribbon; there was a black lace shawl, and a white muslin dress. She hastened down into the garden, and gathered a beautiful rose; she fastened it into her hat, and it was instantly transformed into the most becoming head-gear. The black lace shawl, by a few touches of the skilful fingers, became a Spanish mantilla, and hung in graceful folds over the pretty muslin.

Her toilet was a complete success; she had that marvelous gift of transforming everything she touched. At school she had been the envy of her companions; she had a taste that was at once artistic and picturesque, and it was nowhere displayed to greater advantage than in her own dress.

When she looked in the little glass all doubts as to the success of her appearance faded at once. There was a dainty flush on her lovely face, the beautiful eyes were bright as stars. What matter the fashion of the hat that covered that luxuriant hair? She smiled at herself.

"There is not much fear, my dear," she mused, "that you will fail in anything you undertake."

Then, in the fair June morning, she went out to meet her doom.

She had not gone many steps on the high-road when she saw Lord Vivianne coming. Like a true coquette she feigned unconsciousness, and pretended to gather the woodbines from the hedges.

He smiled at the transparent artifice. She did not know how well he had studied the nature of woman; how perfectly he was acquainted with every little art.

She muttered a most musical exclamation of surprise. When she turned suddenly round and saw him, she made what she considered a grand effect by suddenly dropping all her wild-flowers, as though the surprise had overcome her.

"Let them lie," he said; "happy roses to die by so fair a hand. I am so pleased to see you Miss Bruce. What happy fortune sent me on this road?"

She did not play off the same pretty airs on him that had so completely captivated poor Earle; she did not ask him to call her Doris, and say how she detested the name "Bruce." Peers and poets require different treatment.

"My poor roses!" she said; "I had been so happy in gathering them."

"Never mind the roses," said Lord Vivianne; "there are hundreds more. I want to talk to you. Are you going for a walk? May I go with you?"

"I am going to Thorpe Woods," she replied, "and if you wish to go with me I am willing."

She spoke with the proud grace of a young princess. For the moment he actually forgot she was but the daughter of a tiller of the soil.

"I thank you," he said, gravely; and they turned aside from the high-road to the fields that led to Thorpe Woods.

The day was so lovely that it might have reminded him that life had brighter aims than the wrecking of a woman's soul and the winning of a woman's love; but it did not.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

OLD BUSINESS.—Japan has a banking house that has been in business without a break for over three hundred years. The bank has now more than thirty branches, and is the largest private bank in Japan.

TORTOISES.—Tortoises live to a great age. In the library of Lambeth Palace there is the shell of a tortoise which was brought there in 1623, and which lived until 1730. Another in Fulham Palace, procured by Bishop Laud in 1628, died in 1753, and one at Peterboro lived 220 years.

CODFISH.—The dressing of codfish is an operation requiring skill and rapidity. A man called the "thronter" cuts the fish's throat and rips it open and passes it to the "header," who removes the head and entrails; the "splitter" then splits the fish open and takes out a part of the backbone, and the "salter" piles up the fish in tiers in the hold of the boat and salts them.

SHAVING.—Man is said to be the only creature that shaves. But this is not so. A South American bird called the "mot-mot" actually begins shaving on arriving at maturity. Naturally adorned with long blue tail feathers, it is not satisfied with them in their natural state, but with its beak nips off the web on each side for a space of about two inches, leaving a neat little oval tuft at the end of each.

SHE SAT UPON THE APPLES.—The duck may not be the wisest of birds, but there should be a limit to its folly. It is told of one that she was in the habit of frequenting an apple orchard. Finding a number of apples lying about, she carried several of them to her nest, and, under the impression, it is supposed, that they were eggs, sat upon them for a couple of weeks in the hope of hatching a brood of ducklings.

FORCE OF HABIT IN HORSES.—In the British charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava many brave fellows fell dead from their horses, but the animals still kept charging on. At one moment was seen the truly pathetic spectacle of Lord Geo. Paget with four riderless steeds abreast of him on one side, and five on the other, all empty-saddled. Even in the wild terror of that awful charge the horses could not lay aside their habit of ranging up in line.

HEARD WHILE WAITING.—A passenger, whilst waiting at a railway station for his train, amused himself by watching the queer looks and antics of a tailless cat as it played about on the platform. The stationmaster happening to pop out of his office, the intending traveler pointed to the cat and said, "What kind of a cat is that—Manx" "No," replied the stationmaster with a sly smile, "Brighton Express."

SWEDISH PROVERBS.—Mrs. Baker, in Pictures of Swedish Life, says that the Swedish language is rich in proverbs. Many of these are exactly the same as are found in English. "The burnt child dreads the fire" and "Better late than never" are instances. Others, while corresponding to proverbs in English, have a turn peculiar to themselves. The following are a few examples. "When the cat is away the rats dance on the table." "A new broom sweeps well, but an old one is best for the corners." "One bird in the hand is better than ten on the roof." "When the stomach is satisfied the food is bitter." "To read and not to know is to plough and not to sow." "That which is eaten from the pot never come to the platter."

HE WAS AN ABSENT-MINDED MAN.—Adam Smith, the great Scottish thinker, who flourished in the eighteenth century, often suffered from absence of mind, of which Mr. John Rae gives several amusing instances in his admirable "Life" of the philosopher. Once, while showing a visitor over the tannery in Glasgow, one of the sights of the city, he walked into the tan-pit. On another occasion, during talk over the tea table, he put some bread and butter into the teapot, poured hot water over it, and then complained of the tea that it was the worst he ever tasted. At another tea-party he walked up and down the room, helping himself every now and then to a lump of sugar, until the hostess was forced to place the basin in her lap out of his reach. One Sunday morning he strolled into the garden in his dressing-gown, opened the gate, and, deep in thought, walked four miles along a road, being only recalled to his senses by the ringing of the bells summoning folk to church.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

BY E. W. W.

Wealth and glory, and place and power,
What are they worth to me or you?
For the lease of life runs out in an hour,
And death stands ready to claim his due:
Sounding honors or heaps of gold,
What are they when all is told?

A pain or a pleasure, a smile or a tear—
What does it matter which we claim?
For we step from the cradle to the bier,
And a careless world goes on the same.
Hours of gladness or hours of sorrow,
What does it matter to us to morrow?

Truth of love or vow of friend—
Tender caresses or cruel sneers—
What do they matter to us in the end?
For the brief day dies, and the long night nears.
Passionate kisses, or tears of gall,
The grave will open and cover them all.

Homeless vagrant, or honored guest,
Poor and humble, or rich and great,
All are racked with the world's unrest,
All must meet with the common fate.
Life from childhood till we are old,
What is it all when all is told?

AFTER LONG YEARS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH-IMPOSTOR," "HUSHED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

"THERE'S enough, I think," said the old man, with a sigh, which he promptly stifled. Though he saw the wisdom of this large expenditure, he felt it keenly.

"I have been thinking," said Mordaunt, after a pause, "that it would be as well if we bought a larger house, with some ground." He looked across the room. "This place is small and insignificent. It did very well until lately. The Grange is in the market."

"You won't want it. You won't want two large houses in the county, Mordaunt," said old Sapley.

"Two? What do you mean?"

"I mean the Court, of course," said his father.

Mordaunt flushed, and shut his lips tightly.

"You are counting your chickens before they are hatched," he said. "Court Regna is not mine yet—and may never be! You seem to think—you have noticed once or twice—that it will be quite an easy matter for me to secure Miss Sartoris for a wife. You are mistaken."

The old man rose heavily, and looked at Mordaunt, his mouth screwed into a strange smile.

"You haven't asked her yet?" he said.

Mordaunt smiled at the question.

"Certainly not!" he said.

"Do so—do so!" exclaimed the old man. "Why should you wait? Ask her, Mordaunt——"

"And be refused—laughed at—for my pains!" said Mordaunt, with a sneer.

The old man laughed, hoarsely; then his brows worked up and down.

"Refused! I am not so certain. Ask her Mordy; and if she refuses—why, come to me!"

He moved to the door, his head sunk, his lips moving, and Mordaunt, watching him, heard him mutter, with a threatening growl—

"Refuse! She dare not!"

* * * * * *

Two days after the dinner party at the Wraybroughs, Claire was sitting over her afternoon tea. She had been for a long ride and had not waited to change her habit for a tea gown. She was alone, for Mrs. Lexton had gone off to London to nurse a sick friend.

Whenever any of Mrs. Lexton's friends broke their limbs or got very bad, they sent for her as a matter of course, and equally as a matter of course she hurried to the sufferer.

There are some women like that, women to whom we fly in time of trouble, not because they are particularly strong minded, but because we are sure of their sympathy, and when trouble is around it is more often sympathy than assistance that we need.

Job felt this, and modern "friends," are requested to make a note of it. It is not always the full purse or the strong arm, or the wise advice that is most required, but that tender sympathy that is as precious balm to the wounded heart or sore head.

Claire sat with her feet on the fender and sipped her tea, and felt rather lonely. The veil of sadness and melancholy which had fallen on her young life, though it was often lifted when she was in society or in the middle of a long gallop, usually descended when she was alone; as she gazed dreamily in the fire she fell to musing upon Gerald Wayre and his strange conduct.

The strangeness, the mystery of it had not become lessened as the months had glided on, and sometimes—this afternoon for instance—there seemed something so extraordinary in his behavior that she found it well nigh incredible.

She allowed her mind to dwell upon him for some minutes, then with a faint flush of shame set down the tea cup and rose suddenly, reproaching herself for thinking of a man who was not only unworthy of her, but the husband of another woman!

As she passed the window she saw a horseman riding up the avenue. It was Lord Chester, and she stood half unconsciously admiring his upright figure, and the refined, clear-cut features.

She had grown to regard Lord Chester as a friend, and her spirits rose at the sight of the cheery face with its bright eyes and kindly smile.

"I am in luck," he said as he entered and bent over her hand, with that old world manner which must be at once the admiration and despair of the young men of the present day. "It is so fine that I scarcely hoped to find you in!"

"That sounds rather like one of those things better left unsaid!" said Claire, with a smile. "Come to the fire, and I will give you some tea."

She rang for fresh tea, and Lord Chester sank into a saddle-bag chair—and still, wonderful to say, looked graceful and distinguished!

"You are all alone?" he said, as he watched her fill his cup, and noted with pleasure the delicate hands, the graceful turn of the wrist.

Claire explained Mrs. Lexton's absence.

"She is the sick nurse and comforter in general, not only of her own family but all her friends," she said. "Whenever anything is the matter, it is 'Send for Mary!' at once. I am surprised I have been able to keep her so long."

"It sounds selfish, but I am very glad you are alone," he said.

Claire raised her brows and looked at him with a smile.

"You are so rarely selfish that I readily forgive you, Lord Chester," she said.

"And yet I am going to prove to you how selfish I can be!" he said.

There was a gravity in his voice and manner as he bent forward, with his arms resting on his knees, his long, white hands clasped, that struck Claire as unusual, but she was still unconscious, and the smile was still on her lips as she retorted.

"Have you come to propose something pleasant? I notice that you always apologize when you are planning an agreeable outing or impromptu party."

He looked at the fire and then back at her. Her complete unconsciousness of his purpose somewhat embarrassed him. Did he seem in her eyes so old as to render any thought of falling in love with her an impossibility?

"What is it?" she asked as he remained silent. "Have you been doing anything particularly wicked? If so, we must send for Mary Lexton, for she is the accepted confident and sympathiser with all the wrong doers. Come, you are not afraid of me, Lord Chester," and she laughed softly.

"Yes, it is because I am afraid," he said, smiling a little, but very gravely. "Miss Sartoris, I have ridden over to ask you a question upon the answer to which depends so much to me that I almost shrink from putting the question."

The smile vanished from Claire's face, and she looked at him with faint surprise.

"Tell me, first," he said, after a pause. "Do you consider me a very old man?"

Claire's surprise increased.

"No," she said, candidly. "Indeed, as you rode in just now—" she paused.

"Please go on," he said, earnestly.

"Well, I was thinking how young you looked."

His face brightened, then he laughed deprecatingly.

"I am at my best in the saddle, he said, modestly; "but I am glad, very glad, to hear that you don't regard me as an antique! I must confess that I do not feel that I am an old man; sometimes I forget that I am not quite a young one, Miss Sartoris, I do not know whether any of our good gossips have told you the story of my life—if so commonplace a life can be said to have a story."

"No," said Claire. She was still far from guessing whither his singular words were tending.

"It is told in a sentence or two," he went on, continuing to look at her with a faint smile, but with a slight compression of the lips.

"When I was really a young man I fell in love. I was very young, and my cousin, the late earl, and my elder brother, were alive. Young and poor, and with no prospect of the title, I was bold enough to avow my love. And I was accepted."

Claire nodded sympathetically. It was almost as if she had said, "I am not surprised," and he looked at her gratefully as he went on.

"The course of true love never runs smoothly—ours ran very roughly. She was very beautiful," he paused.

"Her people were ambitious for her and considered her mad to throw herself away on the younger son of a younger son. She stood firm at first—at first," he paused.

"Then there came a noble and wealthy suitor upon the scene. He was an older man than I, a man of the world in every sense of the word, and notwithstanding our engagement, he wooed her with every art which a man can bring to bear. And in the end he won."

He paused and looked at the fire for a moment, then back at Claire with a smile, as if to show her that there was now neither regret nor bitterness in his heart.

"Her people brought pressure to bear, pressure applied day and night, week in and week out. You, a woman, can perhaps understand better than a man what that means. She yielded, and accepted Lord Wharton."

"Lord Wharton!" Claire exclaimed, in a low voice. "But—but Lord Wharton was never married!"

He inclined his head. "I did not intend to mention his name, but it escaped me unawares," he said. "Yes, it was Lord Wharton. But you are right. He never married. He was an extraordinary man—you who knew him better than any of us—can perhaps understand how, having got what he wanted, he quickly wearied of it and ceased to value it.

"He did not marry the girl he robbed me of. One day he sailed in his yacht—for Ireland, I think, on his return, after an absence of a few weeks, he went to her and told her almost bluntly the—well, that he had changed his mind. In short, he jilted her as—she had jilted me. He gave no reason, there was another woman in the case, doubtless."

"It was poetical justice," Claire said in a low voice. "You do not expect me to be sorry for her! But, Lord Wharton!—I have never heard anything of this, Lord Chester!"

He smiled.

"He was scarcely the man to speak of anything that did not rebound to his credit," he said. "He paid the penalty. There was duelling in those days—ah, you see, now, how old I am!—and he stood up and received the fire of the girl's brother, and was wounded in the arm. The family honor was satisfied, and there was an end of it."

"And of her?"

"She died a few years later," he said, quietly. "And now you are asking yourself why I have told you this, the only eventful incident in my life. Can you not guess? When I was jilted, Miss Sartoris, I said that I had done with your sex for ever. I have kept my vow for a longer period than most men keep their vows, and I should keep it still—if I had not met you."

Claire almost started.

"It's only lately, since I have seen so much of you that I have discovered that though my hair is white my heart is green, as the Irish say, I have told you my story, the reason of my long bachelorhood, because I have come this morning to offer you my heart and hand."

Claire tried to speak, to stop him saying any more, but he went on quickly—

"Do not think that I forget the difference in our ages! I have thought of it unceasingly, ever since I found that I loved you. But, Miss Sartoris, a man's love is not to be estimated by his tale of years. There is no young man whom you and I know who could love you more ardently, more devotedly than I do.

"With a young man, love is of his life a thing a part, as Byron says, it is the whole existence of a man of my age. It is the one great treasure which he has learned to value beyond all others; you see, he has tried and tested them all. And he knows!"

"Lord Chester——" began Claire.

"One moment!" he said, pleadingly. "I want you to keep back my sentence until I have pleaded my cause. I don't ask you if you love me. I could scarcely hope for so great a joy as that: but I ask you to ask yourself if you could bring yourself to care for me as a wife should care for her husband. If you can answer 'Yes,'—and I know you will answer truthfully—then I say that you may trust yourself and the future to me without misgiving."

Claire was asking the question of herself as he spoke, and was silent. She liked, respected this gallant, perfect gentleman; his friendship was unspeakably sweet to her, but—

"Let me say a word of another matter," he went on. "That I offer you an unstained name, and an old title will not weigh with you, I know. The unstained name is only your due—you would accept no less—and the title will not count.

"But, Miss Sartoris, it has been a delight to me to feel that the woman I love will, if she will accept my hand, adorn and elevate the title which she will bear. If I win you I shall have won one who will wear the coronet right nobly. Pride and love will go hand in hand with me. There has been no Countess of Chester, so gracious, so sweet, so worthy of her title as you will be!"

Claire's heart beat with the mingled pride and pleasure and pain his simple, dignified words caused her.

"I cannot offer you wealth, but that you do not need. I will not speak of money any further than to say, if you were as poor as you are rich, I should still beg for your hand. In a word, I love you, and respectfully and humbly I ask you to forget the disparity of our ages, and to be my wife."

Claire's heart beat fast, and she felt that her eyes were filling with tears! It seemed so hard! Here was a good man, a noble man in every sense of the word, offering her the honor of his love, laying his honest and stainless heart at her feet, and—and there was no heart in her bosom to yield him!

She longed to stretch out her hand and say to him, "Take me! You do not ask for love—yet. I will be your wife. I will learn to love you!"

But she could not. It was all summed up in that. She could not cheat him by seeming to promise that which she could not fulfil. Her heart was dead within her bosom; Gerald Wayre had slain it that moonlight night, months ago, and she would not deceive this high-minded man who trusted her so implicitly.

"Are you afraid to answer?" he said, after a long silence, and he spoke gently, tenderly. "Do not be. I told myself as I rode here this morning that it was just possible that you might laugh at me——"

"Oh, no, no!" broke from her lips with a pained gesture.

"Forgive me! No, you would not do that, even if I have seemed a foolish old man, you are too kind, too gentle to laugh me to scorn. But I know that you must think—well, that I am overbold in daring to hope that a young girl, dowered with beauty beyond most other woman, would dream of accepting a man old enough—"

"Don't say it!" she broke in almost piteously. "It is not that. If you knew—but I cannot tell you! I have been so proud of your friendship; eve y time you have come, every time I have seen you, I have been glad, glad!"

He leant forward, his eyes fixed on her face earnestly; but as she went on they fell, and a faint line came across his brow.

"If I could I would say 'Yes,' I should be so glad to say it! I am not what such—such love as yours is worth—I am thrilling with pride that you should have thought me worthy to be your wife——"

"My dear," he murmured. "Why will you not trust yourself to me?"

She rose and paced the room in deep agitation. Then she came and stood before him, her hands clasped, her head bent meekly. It almost seemed as if she were ashamed to refuse him.

"I cannot!" she said, at last. "Don't ask me why, I could not tell you. You would not understand! If I were to tell you you would be too proud to—to ask me again. You would feel contempt for me——"

He started to his feet and held out his hands.

"Contempt for you! For you, whom I love and honor with all my heart!"

"Yes," she said desperately. "I am not worthy! If you knew——"

"I ask you to tell me nothing!" he broke in. "I have no right to demand your first love—to know the secret of your heart. I do not ask for your past, but your present, your future! Give them to me, Claire, and trust me, I will never cause you to regret it!"

She almost yielded, then drew her hands

away, which he had caught in his.

"I cannot," she said, and there was something in her face, in the tone of her voice, which made him drop her hands slowly and turn away with a sigh.

"You will not forgive me!" she said, in a low voice.

He proved his manhood, his gentleness instantly. He turned to her with a smile—a smile that smote her more keenly than a sigh would have done.

"Forgive you for not caring for me! Ah, but you know me better than to think that, Claire," he said, taking her hand and holding it—but no longer with hope in his grasp. "Though you will not be my wife, I cannot help loving you, and honoring you! If you will not have me for a sweetheart," he smiled again, and again she winced, "you must not discard me as a friend. You will let me still be your friend, Claire—I beg your pardon—Miss Sartoris!"

"No—Claire!" she said, her eyes blinded with tears, and she laid her other hand over his.

"Thank you!" he said, simply. "Your friendship is precious to me, and I should have grieved if you had withdrawn it. Please forget as well as forgive—Claire! forget an old man's folly."

"No!" she said, as the tears ran unchecked down her cheek! "No, I shall always remember, always be proud and grateful."

"The gratitude is for me, my dear," he said, gently. "Do not cry; I am not worth a tear. You will find that I shall bear my disappointment without complaining; and that I shall comfort myself with the knowledge that though I have not gained the one woman in the world for my wife, I still hold her for—my friend."

He bent and touched her hand with his lips, and without another word left her.

And Claire, as most sensible young women would have done, flung herself on to a couch and wept sorely; more than half tempted to run after him and call him back!

CHAPTER XVII.

THE words his father had spoken to Mordaunt on his return from the dinner party dwelt in Mordaunt's mind.

It was not the first time by many that the old man had hinted at some power which he might exercise over Miss Sartoris on Mordaunt's behalf, and Mordaunt sometimes asked himself if there really was anything more in the half implied threat than an old man's vaporings.

The following day, having some papers to which he needed Claire's signature, he walked up to the Court. It was a dark and lowering morning, and the great house stood out whitely against the black clouds.

Mordaunt stood for a moment before he ascended to the terrace, and looked at the immense building. Would it ever be his, or, rather, would he ever be able to call himself the husband of its mistress?

The idea seemed preposterous, even in his altered and improved circumstances, and he bit his lips moodily as he made his way across the hall to the library.

He did not fail to notice that the servants treated him with a respect which they had never accorded to his father, showing that the fact that Mr. Mordaunt Sapley was going to be a great man was recognised by them as well as their betters.

He went into the library and turned over the papers and magazines which littered the table, but suddenly dropped the one in his hand as he caught the title of one of the articles in the list of contents. It was "The Undiscovered Murders of the last Half Century."

His face was still pale when Claire entered, and he was so occupied in keeping a guard on his own expression that he did not notice that she looked weary and dispirited.

"Good morning, Miss Sartoris," he said. "I have brought some papers for your signature."

"Yes?" said Claire, listlessly. She had been awake the greater part of the night.—Will the many sleepless hours women pass count in their favor at the last Great Reckoning, think you?—thinking of Lord Chester, and all she had been compelled, in common honor and honesty to refuse, and Mr. Mordaunt Sapley jarred on her. The old nobleman's face, voice, were still with her, and Mr. Mordaunt Sapley seemed to intrude upon her mental vision.

"Here are the leases of Moorcroft and Westacres," he said; spreading out the papers. "You will see that we have granted them on especially easy terms. I think you wished that?"

"Yes, oh, yes!" said Claire. She did not wish anything particular that day, unless it were that she had never seen Gerald Wayre.

"And here are the transfers connected with Mr. Verner's land. In regard to that, I should like to say, on behalf of the Committee, that if you would not object, we should like to buy a portion of the land for the hospital."

Claire leant forward at the table, her head resting on her hand.

"Take as much of it as you want, please," she said. "I will give it to you, and be very glad."

"Thank you—on behalf of the Committee," he said. "I may say that I expected that you would do this!"

"Yes? You see you have not monopolised all the generosity in the county, Mr. Mordaunt!" she said, with a half smile of indifferance.

He colored.

"You mean—but it does not matter. I hope you are not annoyed, because I have—we—my father has taken an interest in local affairs?"

Claire made a gesture which just stopped short of hauteur.

"Why should I be annoyed?" she said, with a smile.

"I don't know!" he said. "I thought by your manner—your voice."

Claire shook her head. "I think I am rather tired and out of sorts this morning, Mr. Mordaunt," she said.

He gathered the papers together instantly. "I will not worry you, then," he said. "To-morrow will do, I am sorry—"

"Please go on," she said. "I am quite ready; I will sign anything you want."

He opened the deeds for her, and as he did so he looked at her with covert keenness.

"Shall I make you very angry if I ask you whether anything has happened to worry—annoy—you?" he said, gravely.

Claire raised her eyebrows with faintly indicated surprise. Mr. Mordaunt Sapley had never ventured to use this tone to her before.

"Thank you," she said. "You are very kind, but it is nothing that would interest you—nothing in which you could help me."

"I could not help you, perhaps," he said, in the same low voice, but with a quick gesture, "but it could not fail to interest me. Anything that concerns you must be of the most vital interest to me."

Claire looked at him with open surprise this time.

"It is nothing to do with the estate," she said. "Do I sign here?"

"I see!" he said, in a low voice. "You regard me as just—your servant."

Claire raised her head. "I am sorry if I seemed abrupt," she said; "but I did not mean to offend you. You really cannot help me." She smiled wearily. "No one can help me."

"Are you sure," he said. "If you would tell me." He paused, and looked down at her, his face paler even than usual, his small eyes fixed on her face. "Miss Sartoris, there is nothing I would not do to help you, no place to which I would not go, no labor too arduous." He paused again and drew a long breath.

Claire laid down the pen and gazed up at him with her surprise visible, eloquent, in her whole face.

He waited a moment, then impelled by the thought that he had said too little or too much to stop, he went on.

"You look astonished—surprised. How hard it is for a lady in your position to imagine, comprehend, that although a man may happen to be your inferior in position, your servant—as you deem him—he has the capacity for feeling as yourself, that he has a heart in his bosom which a word of yours can pierce, a look can stab!"

Claire's face flushed.

"I am not aware that I have ever consciously wounded your feelings, Mr. Mordaunt," she said. "If I have, please accept my apologies."

He put out his hand, his face as flushed as hers.

"You do not understand," he said. "The very words you have just spoken prove that you do not."

Claire bent her level brows. "What is it I do not understand?" she said, turning the diamond ring on her finger, absently.

"That—that I love you," he said.

It is not too much to say that for a full moment or two Claire did not grasp the significance of the words. She looked at him as one looks at a person who has addressed him in a foreign and unknown language. Then, as his meaning dawned upon her, the crimson suffused her face again, burnt down to the neck and arms, and she rose and moved towards the door.

He slipped in front of her quickly, and held out his hand, effectually barring her progress.

"Wait," he said. "I would take it back if I could; but it is too late—I cannot! Wait and hear me! You cannot refuse me that! Not even your pride will refuse me that!"

Claire stood and looked at him with steadfast eyes. It flashed through her mind that Mr. Mordaunt Sapley had either been drinking to excess or had gone out of his mind.

And yet she had not thought so when Gerald Wayre had declared his love!

"Let me pass—or say what you have to say, quickly, please!" she said, in a low voice, in which outraged pride rang.

"Bear with me!" he said, huskily. "I only ask you to listen. It is true that I love you, Miss Sartoris."

Coming after Lord Chester's declaration the words sounded like blasphemy, and Claire could not repress a shudder.

"Oh, let me pass, please," she breathed.

"Not yet—a moment!" he said, struggling hard for calm and self possession. "I have to speak now. Give me a hearing, Miss Sartoris; I love you. Why should you shrink from me, treat me as contemptuously! It is true I am not your equal in position, but," he moistened his lips. "I am a gentleman, I am——"

"I will not hear any more," said Claire. "You must see—Oh, I don't wish to wound you, but, Mr. Mordaunt, let there be no more of this. It is—it is madness—I—— Would it not be better to say no more?"

"No," he said, with a kind of dogged sullenness. "If I had spoken to you as—as I have done—six months ago, you might have been justified in refusing to hear me, in treating me with scorn, but—but things—my position, has changed since then. Please hear me!" for Claire had made an impatient gesture. "I say things have changed. I have made my way into—amongst your friends—I have gained a position of which any man ought to be proud."

"I am very glad, but—" She spoke almost soothingly, as one would speak to a child or a monomaniac, but he broke in with the same dogged resolution.

"It is true that my father is only your agent, but—but he is a wealthy man. His wealth will come to me. I am ambitious. I have marked out for myself a career—have entered upon it—I feel that I shall rise, rise even above the men in this sleepy world-forgotten place. My wife—whoever she may be—will share a name which I intend to make famous."

Claire took another step to the door, but he would not make way for her.

"I intended to enter the House—I hope to gain a name there—I have the money, the ambition, the energy. I only need you for my wife to crown my efforts, to share the position I will—yes, will I—attain. You hear me with silent contempt, but—but will you stop to compare me with the men you know? I do not speak with vanity. I know that I am far beneath you, but so are they all! All, every one! If you will be my wife—" he passed his hand over his brow, wet with perspiration.

"I will spend my life in giving you a place which shall be as high above your present one as—as mine is below it!"

He stopped for lack of breath, and Claire was able to speak. She knew, now, that he was not intoxicated, but she still deemed him mad; mad with morbid vanity and self-esteem. So, she spoke with careful modulation of her voice, with a suppression of indignation—and an indescribable loathing—which threatened her.

"Have you finished?" she said. "Will you let me answer you? You are wrong. I have no contempt for you. No woman is insulted by the offer of an honest man's hand—"

He winced, and shot a glance at her.

"But, Mr. Mordaunt, what you ask I cannot give. I cannot be your wife!"

"Wait," he broke in, clenching his hands and pressing them closely to his side. "Do not give me your answer now. Don't let it be final. To-morrow——"

"If I waited for an eternity of to-morrows, my answer would be the same," said Claire, battling with her pride and indignation. "Please accept it and allow me to pass!"

"Why do you hate me?" he said, in a low voice.

"I do not—" she began, then stopped, of all things she desired to avoid an argument with him. "Is it any use our talking any longer?" she said with a smile that was harder to bear than open scorn. "I think that you will see that a gentleman accepts a lady's answer—and accepts it without protest, Mr. Mordaunt."

"But I cannot!" he said. "I know you refuse me, because—because you will still look upon me as a kind of servant. You will lose nothing by marrying me. Times are changing. Such men as I, rise!"

"If you rise to be Prime Minister—!"

"You would refuse me!" he said, white to the lips.

"Yes," she said, in a low voice. "I should refuse an Emperor if I did not—love him!"

She paused at the word; it sounded like sacrilege under the circumstances.

He bit his lip and stood aside, and Claire was making her escape when the door was pushed open and old Sapley entered.

He was yellow rather than pale, and his huge lips were working as if with suppressed passion, while his small eyes glowed angrily.

"Half a moment!" he said, waving a shaky paw. "I've been outside—don't speak, Mordy, leave it to me, now—I've heard every word. Miss Sartoris!" he bent his heavy brown upon Claire with a threatening expression.

"Let me advise you to take that refusal back. Mind, I only advise! Take it back and promise to be his wife, and I won't say another word."

"Mr. Sapley!" said Claire, crimson with anger; "are you both out of your minds?"

The old man showed his teeth.

"You'll find we're sane enough!" he said, with a kind of snarl. "You heard my son's proposal. What is your answer—now that you've got my advice?"

"My answer is 'No,'" said Claire.

The old man's face grew red, then faded into its sere yellowness.

"You refuse him! You behave as if you were a princess declining a beggar! Do you know that my son will be a rich man, Miss Sartoris?"

Claire was almost incapable of speech by this time. "Mr. Mordaunt's wealth can be of no interest to me, Mr. Sapley!" she said.

He drew his lips down. "Because you've so much of your own, eh?" he said. "You think you can afford to treat his proposal with scorn, to laugh at his prospects? You heard what he said? Mordy is going to rise. He has got his foot on the ladder; he is a good way up now. I started——"

"Father!" said Mordaunt, hoarsely.

"You leave me alone," snarled the old man; "she's got to deal with me now. You think"—glaring at Claire—"that you can afford to play the high and haughty; to come the county family upon him, because you are Miss Sartoris, of Court Regna, and he is only my son—the son of your agent? You make a great mistake, young lady, a very great mistake——"

"Be silent, fater! Let Miss Sartoris pass," said Mordaunt, huskily. "She has heard me; I have got my answer."

"But she hasn't heard me!" said old Sapley, grimly. "And her answer will change presently. What fault do you with my son—with Mordaunt—Miss Sartoris?"

Claire asked herself whether she was dreaming. Was this Mr. Sapley, who never approached her without a servile bow and smile? She scarcely recognised him in this grimly stern and covertly threatening old man. Surprise mingled with her indignation and anger. It would be difficult to tell which predominated.

"Would it not be better that this discussion should terminate?" she said. "Your son has done me the honor of offering me his hand"—for the life of her she could not help the emphasis on the "honor"—"and I have declined it. Surely the matter may end there! You and I have been very good friends, Mr. Sapley, and I should be sorry if anything were permitted to interrupt the——"

"You see," said Mordaunt, bitterly; "she treats us as her servants! Say no more, father. We will leave the Court—"

The old man's face grew purple.

"Leave the Court—leave the Court!" he said, thickly. "Who talks of my leaving the Court? Look here, young lady! Take back what you've said, and all shall go on as smoothly and pleasantly as before?" and he twisted his lips into a smile.

Claire turned to Mordaunt with a smile. "Surely, Mr. Mordaunt, you do not combine with your father in thus roughly urging your suit?"

"Never you mind him—attend to me!" said old Sapley indeed, roughly. "You think his money's no account—that all he's offered you doesn't signify. You're buoyed up by your pride—your county pride—and your money——"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A KANSAS man has been buying thousands of jack rabbits at five cents a head to send to the markets of all the Eastern cities.

UNCHANGED.

BY E. C.

I know not if the roses bloom
In fragrant clusters round my home,
As sweet as when, long years ago,
They watched with me for one to come;
I only know the love remains—
The love of which they seemed a part.
And, though the snow is on my hair,
Love's roses bloom in my heart.

I know not if the song-birds thrill
My dear lost garden with their lay,
As blithe and clear as he would sing
Along our lane at close of day;
I only know, though song be mute,
Its tender echo haunts me still
With heart-delight and solace sweet
That years of silence cannot kill.

I know not if my love be changed
In that fair land beyond Death's sea—
If, in an atmosphere divine,
Poor human love less dear may be;
I only know true love outlives
Its own deep loss, and suffers long;
Unchanged, my heart and I await
Love's fadeless rose, Heav'n's endless song!

In a Strange Land.

BY L. D. G.

A YOUNG girl was sitting alone in a dingy room, looking rather absently out of the window, which commanded a monotonous view of chimney-pots, slated roofs, and back yards. It being a Spring afternoon, it was probable sunny weather elsewhere; but here, in smoky Manchester, people congregated themselves that, at any rate, it was not actually raining.

Nan Seymour looked as if a gleam of sunshine would have been very good for her just now. Her blue eyes, with their swollen lids, were weary and listless; pale cheeks, drooping mouth, and black dress, all spoke of recent trouble. And they spoke truly, for only on the previous day she had stood beside her father's newly-made grave.

She pressed her forehead against the window-pane. The coldness was grateful to her aching head. Presently her brow lightened as footsteps were heard upon the stairs; a door or two slammed below, voices neither low nor gentle broke the silence; a smell of tobacco reached her, and finally the privacy of her little shabbily furnished sitting room was invaded by a stout middle-aged lady and a slim young man.

"Sure and its sitting by herself alone she is!" exclaimed Mrs. Fleming, enfolding the young girl in a very capacious motherly embrace. "Rehearsal's over at last, honey, and I was getting really uneasy about you. Come down with us now and have a cup of tea; it's all ready in our room and waiting for us. Brian, you bring her along."

"I think I would rather not, thank you, dear Mrs. Fleming," Nan answered, whilst tears welled up into her eyes.

"Now, now! you won't be so unfriendly! Come, love; you can trust us to hold our peace as to what's past and gone. Heaven rest his soul! And it's not right or natural for a pretty girl to be sitting moping here. You see to it, Brian; I must go and look after the gentlemen."

"Do you really mean it Nan?" Brian Wynne asked, quietly, as the good lady, with more tact than she gave herself credit for, bustled out of the room.

"Yes—indeed I could not face them all just now," Nan answered, with a sob. "I should only break down and make everyone uncomfortable."

"Then I'll tell you what we will do. I'll go and fetch you a cup of tea, and you can drink it quietly here; and then we will go out for half an hour. The fresh air will do you good."

"But I don't want to bother you," Nan objected. "You are all much too kind—"

"Nonsense!" Brian interrupted. "Just stay where you are! Wait a bit; I will first stir up that miserable-looking fire."

He put new life into the failing embers and left the room, to reappear almost immediately with a little tray bearing cake and tea, and a message from Mrs. Fleming that she was to be sure and get some color in her cheeks before seeing her again.

Brian would not let Nan stay in her disconsolate attitude by the window, but made her sit in an arm-chair beside the hearth, where the flames now leaped up cheerily. They had tea together in quite a cosy fashion, and then Nan was charged to get ready for her walk at once.

"Good child—you have been only two minutes and a half!" he said approvingly, when she came back to him, dressed very simply, with a little sailor-hat and a plain jacket over her black dress.

"Where do you mean to take me this afternoon?" she asked gently.

These two had known each other now for about six months, for Nan's father and Brian had been both engaged in the same touring company; and, as Nan had always accompanied her father, she had shared in all the usual theatrical experiences, except that of actually appearing upon their stage herself. Offers from managers respecting his bright-eyed graceful daughter were always declined by her father.

"It is not a profession I should choose for any child of mine," was his invariable reply; and Nan had never questioned the wisdom of his choice.

Up to the present time there had been no occasion for Nan to do anything; and, now that her father had been suddenly snatched away from her by the cruel scourge influenza, she would have preferred starvation to going wilfully against his wishes.

The sun was actually sending out some pallid gleams as Brian and Nan clambered up on to the outside of a tram that would carry them into some semblance of country away towards Rusholme. Brian knew of a quiet park somewhere in the vicinity, prettily planted, with fields and a rural-looking church in the background; and thither he guided his companion. He was very tender to her this afternoon—did not talk at first, and had the satisfaction of seeing the fresh air and change of scene do their restoring work before he worried her with questions.

Very few people were in the park besides themselves—a nursemaid or two and a sprinkling of children, a score or so of boys on the cricket-ground, an old clergyman absorbed in a book, and two hospital-nurses chatting pleasantly.

Nan and Brian paced the long gravel-paths, talking of nothing in particular, until he said—

"When do you think of leaving us?"

"The day after to-morrow. My uncle has written a very kind letter, telling me to consider his home as my own. It is just as dear father wished."

"You have never seen these relatives of yours, I suppose?"

"No. Of course you know my father married against their wishes; and then it was only adding another offence when he took to the stage. They have not met for the last twenty years. Uncle George is ever so much older than my father, and, from what he says in his letter, my aunt must be quite an invalid."

"And you don't mind leaving us and the old life, in which we have all been so happy and jolly together?"

He repeated this last question, for Nan's eyes again overflowed, and her lip quivered piteously. He drew her little hand, in its cheap black glove, within his arm.

"There—I didn't mean to pain you; I ought to have known better than to have asked you such a thing as that! But are you content to leave me without giving me any security for the future? This isn't the time to bother you about love, only I can't let you go without asking you not to forget me entirely."

His musical Irish voice helped to plead his cause, and his dark Irish eyes were full of love. Nan, sore at heart, felt that it was very sweet to have some one left to care for her still. Besides, her father had been very fond of Brian.

"I can never forget you or your kindness," she answered simply.

"Kindness!" he repeated, with a little scornful laugh. "I want more than kindness—I want your love, Nan! Haven't you a little left in your heart to spare for me?"

"How can I tell?" she replied sadly. "The world is so empty without him. I cannot help thinking about him always—always! If he were here, I could ask him; he would advise me—— Oh, Brian, do you think this pain will last through all the years? How can I bear it if it does?"

The burden of her first great sorrow was upon her. She pressed her hand to her heart, and stood trembling and agitated, forgetful for the moment of her lover's presence.

"What a brute I am!" he murmured. "Can you ever forgive me for being so selfish? Come, dearest—sit and rest here for a little while. Look at the sunset; it will be a clear day to-morrow!"

She sank down wearily upon the iron bench and watched in silence the pink-and-golden glories of the western sky. Presently she turned to Brian, with her eyes still wet, but with a grateful smile upon her lips, which trembled no longer.

"I am better now," she said, "and it is I who am selfish. But I shall be going away so soon now—it does not seem worth while to make any change, does it? Let us be friends, as we always have been; friendship three less than love, and I am so tired!"

"It shall be just as you like," he answered; "only remember, whenever you need me, I am at your service. Now let us return home—you are worn out, you poor little child!"

Nan used to feel afterwards that she had never been sufficiently grateful to the "Slade-Fleming's Company" for their kindness to her during the next two days. But it was kindness that she could not properly appreciate at the time, as she felt so stunned by her trouble that she wished only to be left alone and let things take their course.

Her business affairs was very quickly settled. Mr. Seymour, notwithstanding his somewhat precarious calling, had managed to save enough to leave his daughter about three hundred and fifty pounds.

All his personal belongings Mrs. Fleming, with great tact and wisdom, persuaded Nan to let her dispose of "among ourselves"—with the somewhat remarkable result that twenty pounds in ready money was realized, got together in the spirit of good fellowship characteristic of "the profession," which satisfactorily met the expenses entailed by the short illness and simple funeral.

The touring company were moving on to Bolton on the day that was fixed for Nan's departure; but most of the members found time to accompany her to the station, finding a vent for their sympathy by showering upon her gifts of flowers, chocolate, and railway literature.

Brian Wynne looked rather impatiently at the little crowd collected about the third-class carriage, for he wanted Nan to himself just for those last minutes. Mrs. Fleming discerned the young man's wish, and presently the crowd fell away from the door, and the two young people found themselves in comparative solitude.

There was not much to say, after all. Other people got into the carriage, and the noise on the platform grew more deafening every moment. Under pretext of stooping to pick up a newspaper, Brian took the little ungloved hand in both of his.

"Write to me, life of my life," he murmured—"I shall live in the hope of a letter! And will you be offended if I come by and-by and claim acquaintance with you?"

The girl's face brightened.

"Of course you may come!" she answered softly. "Mrs. Fleming has my address. Let me speak to her again—she has been so good to me!"

Brian fell back, and the last words, the last pressure of the hand were given to the kind-hearted Irishwoman, who was shedding tears of genuine grief at parting from the girl she had grown to love as a daughter.

"Good-bye—good-bye! You're off now! Safe home!"

Nan leaned out of the window to wave her hand in farewell. It flashed upon her then that she was leaving a very warm-hearted set of friends, and was going to people who, though they might be her next-of kin, were in reality utter strangers to her. The shabby little manager's wife looked the embodiment of goodwill as she stood on the platform waving a pink-bordered handkerchief; and Brian, in his brown tweed suit, with his dark handsome face saying unutterable things, had never appeared to better advantage.

Nan lay back and closed her eyes, trying to picture her future home. Mr. Seymour had so often described not always in definite words, indeed, but by cleverly conveyed hints—the home of his childhood that Nan felt sure her own imagination could not lay on the bright colors too thickly. She knew only of the existence of this uncle and aunt, but believed there were two cousins somewhere in the background.

How delightful it would be to live amid the soft ease of a happy country home after all her wanderings for so many years with her father. She pictured the refinement of her uncle's house, so different from the lodgings it had been her lot to inhabit as long as she could remember; she thought of the chances that she had always longed for, of cultivating her taste for books and music; the quiet of restful Sundays after the inevitable journeyings and long delays at railway stations.

Most of all, she looked forward to meeting refined, educated women, satisfied with living within the shelter of their own homes. And Nan, who had never known a mother's or a sister's love, felt her pulse quicken as she reflected that she was now on the way towards finding a substitute for each.

Presently these pleasurable emotions wore off, and she discovered that her head ached intolerably, and that she was far too much excited to be able to while away the time with any of her usual traveling solaces. It was almost the first time, too, that she had taken such a long journey alone; but she was a brave girl, and struggled resolutely against the sadness that threatened to weigh her down.

It was not only a long but a tedious journey, involving two or three changes; and, when at last the train drew up at her destination, a little country town in Norfolk, the gladness of the morning and the brightness of her early anticipations had all faded, and a tired-out dusty little figure alighted upon the dull platform.

"Miss Seymour?" a voice said, in a half-hesitating tone, behind her.

Looking round, Nan perceived a young man clad in decidedly rustic garments, with very light hair, freckled complexion, and short-sighted eyes, peering at her through dark-rimmed glasses. She smiled at the familiar sound of her own name, wondering who the messenger could be. He was certainly not a servant, she decided; but she felt equally certain that he was not one of her own newly-found relatives.

"Your train is late," he said, with shy abruptness. "Is that your box over there?"

Nan nodded acquiescence. The young man went over to the bucolic looking porter at work beside the half-emptied luggage-van, and, after giving a helping hand himself, beckoned to her to follow him through the little waiting-room to the quiet street beyond, where two or three vehicles were waiting. Moving forward to one of these, a low two-wheeled cart, he assisted in placing the box on the back seat, and then motioned to Nan to take her place in front.

Nan accepted his invitation mechanically. He then got into the cart, shook the reins, tossed a few pennies to the lad at the pony's head, and they were off. The first part of her new life had begun.

"I hope my aunt is quite well?" she asked, after a little pause.

"Thanks—she never is well," her companion answered in his curt way, and then dropped the subject.

This was hardly encouraging; but Nan, woman-like, tried again.

"Is it very far to Winterfield?" she inquired. They were leaving the little town now and were entering the open country.

"A matter of four miles," he replied, in the same abrupt manner. "You will find it dull after Manchester."

"We were in Manchester only for a little while," Nan rejoined, politeness forbidding her to put the question she wanted most to ask—"Who are you?"

But she soon received enlightenment.

"I would not talk too much, if I were you, of where you used to be," he said, with an evident attempt at friendliness. "Your ways and ours have been different, and we should not like it to be known that we had anything to do with the stage."

"And why not?" asked Nan, hotly. Who on earth was this impertinent man? she asked herself.

"Most English people are prejudiced against it," he answered, cautiously. "Mother was saying that it made it quite easy to have you with us now that Rose is married and away from home. But I did not mean to vex you, cousin Nan."

"Cousin Nan!" The words were a revelation. Her cheeks flushed with mingled emotions. Afraid of what she might be tempted to say in response, the girl sat in constrained silence, her hands clasped tightly in her lap. Her cousin did not seem to think it worth while to break the silence; he spoke now and then to the brown pony, who was evidently well aware that they were on their homeward way, and needed little or no urging along the flat level roads. Daylight was beginning to fail, and the air felt keen and chilly, blowing straight across the German Ocean, eight or ten miles away. Accustomed to the close apartments of Town, Nan felt cold long before the drive came to an end, and shivered once so perceptibly that Hugh Seymour looked down at her with a serious wondering compassion.

"Shall I unfasten your wraps," he asked, kindly.

Nan shook her head impatiently; she could not trust herself to speak. The worst chill was at her heart, and could not be reached by outward warmth.

"It will be better by and-by," she said to herself, picturing—though in fainter

colors than during the morning—the welcome that must surely be awaiting her in her new home.

"Here we are!" cried Hugh presently. "You'll be glad of a cup of tea, won't you? There's father in the doorway."

He drove in through the unpainted gate standing wide open from the roadside. An uncared-for gravel path led up to a low irregularly built house, with whitewashed walls and thatched roof. An elderly man, with gray hair and kindly weather-beaten face stood at the entrance. There was something in his smile that reminded Nan of her father, and in a moment she was beside him, her face upraised to his, and with tears threatening to flood her blue eyes.

"So this is Blake's daughter," he said. "What a fine young lady she has grown! Come in, my dear, and see your aunt—she is waiting for you in the parlor."

He spoke half apologetically: Nan wondered why.

The door appeared to communicate directly with the interior of the house, and opened upon a small rather barely-furnished room, where a fire burned in the old-fashioned grate and a meal was spread upon the table. He led her through this room into one adjoining, which reminded Nan painfully of "first-floor drawing-rooms" in provincial towns. There was a sofa near the window, and upon this her aunt reclined, her thin figure swathed in shawls, and her pale colorless face wearing the marks of ennui rather than of suffering.

Her uncle's friendly air seemed to freeze as he led her to Mrs. Seymour's side.

"Here, my dear, is our niece," he said quietly.

"Your niece, George!" Mrs. Seymour returned severely. "You have had a long journey, my dear, and will be wanting your tea," she continued, bestowing a frigid kiss upon the tired girl. "Your uncle must look after you, for I am not well enough to bear any talking to-day. To-morrow I will try to make you understand some of the terrible sufferings Providence has seen fit to lay upon me; not that I have any wish to complain—it is all for the best, we know!"

The high-pitched querulous voice ceased, and apparently Mrs. Seymour's interest in the interview ended too, for she lay back with her light gray eyes fixed upon the ceiling, a look of supreme resignation settling down upon her thin features.

"Come away, child," Mr. Seymour said nervously; "you look half starved; and Hugh will be calling out for his tea. The Norfolk air will soon give you an appetite, if you have not one already."

Nan begged to be shown her room, where she could remove the dust and grime of her long journey; and her uncle again acted as pioneer, and conducted her up a dark wooden staircase to the room he said had been set apart for her use. It was very poorly furnished—utterly devoid of any attempt at ornamentation—but was neat and clean; pink monthly roses looked in through the latticed window.

When Nan descended to the "living-room," as it was called, the delicious tea and cream made momentary amends for all. Tea had been sent in to her aunt, and Hugh and his father looked after Nan's wants, though their conversation was confined to one another, upon subjects of agricultural interest, quite unintelligible to an outsider.

"I am afraid you will find us very quiet people," Mr. Seymour observed at the end of the meal. "Life on a farm is more business than pleasure; and I have to act as agent besides up at the Manor. Can you amuse yourself till supper-time, do you think?"

Nan eagerly protested that she did not need entertaining, and begged to be treated as one of the family; nevertheless her spirits sank to zero when she found herself condemned to solitude on the first evening of her arrival.

A rough-looking country girl came in to remove the tea-things, slamming the door violently each time she entered and went out of the room. Nan took up her position in the window-seat, and looked out at the untidy garden and wide fields beyond.

Between the garden and the fields there was a big pond, with geese swimming upon its smooth surface, a hayrick or two, and some farm buildings.

A row of turkeys were perched solemnly on a fence, and Nan could not help laughing when the smallest of the family suddenly tumbled off in its sleep, and was severely reprimanded by its anxious parent.

But presently turkeys and cabbages and pasture lands were all forgotten as the eight day clock in the corner struck the hour, and she remembered that this was just the time when the orchestra would be turning up in the far-away provincial theatre.

In a flash her old life passed before her, with all its excitements, joys, fears, and real hard work. What would she not give to follow it now, instead of this new, cold, tame existence that threatened to be stagnation? She ran upstairs resolutely and began unpacking, lest in an evil moment she might accept Mrs. Fleming's warm-hearted invitation and throw in her lot with her old friends.

* * * * * *

Time did not mend matters. Six months later found Nan utterly discontented with her fate. She tried not to show her unhappiness more than she could possibly help, and found many little employments and household tasks which rendered life tolerable. Her aunt grew to depend upon her bright skilful presence and sympathy, and Mr. Seymour would have felt lost without her ready devices and cheerful conversation. Only one person in the house had any idea of what she was really suffering; only Hugh, with his power of silent never-ceasing observation, knew how the bird's wings beat against the bars of its cage.

During these six months Nan had heard only once from Brian Wynne, though she had answered his letter the week following its arrival, and had then tormented herself lest she had exhibited undue haste. She was certain she had said nothing to make him think that further intelligence would be unwelcome; but no second epistle followed in the wake of her reply.

Mrs. Fleming wrote now and then; she was a bad, though affectionate correspondent, and theatrical ups and downs gave scant leisure for thought. Nan never doubted her true friendship, though she wished she would write oftener. As the weeks crept by, a cold chill settled on her heart; and as the weeks grew into months she made a strange and humiliating discovery, and found that she had grown to love the man who had so evidently forgotten all about her.

Late in September she happened to be spending a few days at Lowestoft with her aunt, who had been ordered change of air by the old village doctor. Lowestoft was only a few miles distant from Winterfield, and, as the Seymours were obliged to practise strict economy, change of air consisted in inhaling sea-breezes a little nearer the coast.

Nan welcomed the break in the monotonous routine of her every-day life, especially as it relieved her from Hugh's presence. For some incomprehensible reason or other he had fallen into the way of treating her as if she were especially under his charge, which was an idea she did not at all appreciate.

On Saturday afternoon, two or three days after their arrival in Lowestoft, her attention was attracted by a familiar-looking long yellow bill in a stationer's shop window, headed by the well-known words—"The Slade Fleming Company."

She bent forward eagerly to make sure that her eyes were not deceiving her; the cast appeared almost unchanged; then a bitter sense of disappointment swept over her as she saw that their engagement in the town was not for the present week at all, but was a thing of the past. They must have left on the previous Sunday. She could have cried over the tantalising fact. Then pride came to her rescue. If Brian had been so close to Winterfield as this, and yet had not taken the trouble to come and see her, he was indeed altered, and must have forgotten her entirely.

She brushed away her tears, and, holding her head very erect, was preparing to turn to their small lodgings in a side street, when she discovered that her cousin Hugh was standing on the pavement beside her. She fancied that he was smiling a little more broadly than usual, so she displayed an extra show of courage and coldly held out her hand.

"I had no idea you intended looking us up," she said, in an indifferent tone.

"I thought I should like to give you a little surprise," he answered. "Come, cousin Nan—you might welcome me more kindly! My mother was right down glad to see me!"

"Well, you had better come back, then, and we will give you some tea," Nan answered less stiffly. "I was just going home: it is nearly five o'clock."

"I've no objection," Hugh replied. "We are quite lost without you at the farm, cousin. I couldn't rest until I decided to come over here for an hour or so. I want to say something to you."

"Yes? Something nice, I hope?"

"That entirely depends upon you. Did you not hear what I said just now? 'I am lost without you.' Nan, I didn't mean to speak so soon, but I shall know no peace till I've had your answer. I'm a plain man, used to plain speech. Will you marry me, Nan? Yes, or no?"

"Why, Hugh, you're joking!"

One look at his face, however, convinced her of her error. Hugh had never looked more serious in his life; he turned quite pale through all his sunburn as he went on to plead his cause with more eloquence than she had given him credit for.

"It will make it all so comfortable at home. I know we are not quite the sort you've been brought up with; but that needn't be a hindrance. I would try to make you really happy!"

"Oh, stop, Hugh—please stop! It can never be. I could never, never care for you in that way! Do try to forget this; there is aunt Margaret at the window!" cried Nan, greatly agitated.

"By-and-by you will hear me again; but I won't ask you to listen just yet," her cousin rejoined.

To her great relief, Hugh stayed only for an hour or so, talking to her before his mother as usual, and not making any attempt to draw her into private and confidential conversation.

Mrs. Seymour needed a great deal of attention after his departure, and Nan devoted herself to gratifying all her fancies, and refused to leave her side during the following day; but towards evening she had to confess to a bad headache.

"Go out, child, and get some fresh air. I can do very well without you for an hour or so; I won't look at such a white face another minute!" her said, as the church bells rang a cheerful peal.

A longing to be outside the small room, with its depressing atmosphere, suddenly assailed her. Hastily putting on her hat, she did her aunt's bidding, and was soon on her way towards the sea. How welcome the strong sweet breezes were; and the very sight of the white-crested waves put new life into her! But after a time solitude lost its charm: her thoughts became very sad as she wondered vaguely if life would always mean loneliness until the end.

"I believe I am getting morbid," she said to herself. "I had better go back to my duty; it will teach me not to dwell upon my own stupid troubles! If I am not particularly happy, what have I ever done to deserve happiness?"

She turned to put her resolution into practice, but a second surprise was in store for her. Was she dreaming, or was that really Brian Wynne coming towards her across the deserted beach? His voice dispelled all doubt.

"Why, Nan, you are the last person in the world I expected to find here!"

The musical tones of his voice were just the same, but his brown eyes had a look of reproach she could not understand.

She never knew what she answered in return. She felt herself growing white to the lips, and dared not ask the many questions she longed to shower upon him for fear of self-betrayal. His face too changed and hardened perceptibly.

"I believe much has happened since we last met," he went on; "but first allow me to offer you my best congratulation."

"Congratulations! On what?" asked Nan, raising her eyes to his at this startling remark.

"On your engagement, of course," he answered bitterly. "I hope you will be very happy!"

"I don't know what you mean," Nan retorted. "I have never been engaged to any one in my life. Who has been giving you this gratuitous information?"

"Your fiancé—your cousin—Hugh, his name is, isn't it? I had a long talk with him one evening last week, and he told me many things I wanted to know, amongst others why you have never answered a single letter——"

"I have had none to answer," broke in Nan hotly—"at least, only one: and I wrote to you in reply a few days afterwards. Brian, what does all this mean?"

Brian came a few steps nearer and slipped her hand within his arm. He then gave a long low whistle.

"It seems to me that Master Hugh has been talking at random," he answered more cheerfully. "Now, little one, you and I had better have all this out before I settle accounts with him. Do you mean to tell me that only one letter of the long series I wrote ever reached you?"

Nan nodded her head emphatically.

"Then the only conclusion I can arrive at is that they were stopped by some person or persons unknown. Nan, is that fellow in love with you? Do you care for him? Why do you look at me like that? Oh, my darling, is it possible that you have really grown to care for me at last?"

They had so much to settle and talk about that it was nearly nine o'clock before Nan remembered that her aunt would be waiting for her in the close lamp-lit little room. There was no time for half-measures.

Brian would have to leave by the first train the next morning to rejoin his company, and they agreed that it would be better to get the first introduction over at once and openly declare their engagement.

When Mrs. Seymour heard the news she cried hopelessly at first—she would not give up without a struggle the idea of losing Nan as a prospective daughter—but in the end she succumbed gracefully to the inevitable.

Nan's first impulse was to say that she would never re-enter Winterfield Farm so long as Hugh was in it; but common-sense triumphed; and her cousin had a bad quarter of an hour when he learned what had happened during that Sunday evening.

"I did it for your own good, cousin," he declared doggedly. "It would be much better for you even now to turn your back on the theatre. I saw how the first letter distressed you, and burnt all the others as fast as they came; and, when I found I should have an opportunity of speaking to Mr. Brian Wynne face to face, I took it and used it. It's only your own fault if we are not engaged to be married. You will live to repent the day when you threw me over for that play-acting chap!"

But subsequent events proved Hugh's conclusion to be quite wrong.

Scientific and Useful.

DIAMOND CUTTING.—A compound of boron and carbon which is hard enough to cut diamond has been produced in the electric furnace.

BLUING.—The bluing of watch and clock hands is done by polishing the surface and heating upon a hot iron plate, then cooling in water as soon as the proper color is obtained.

SAWDUST.—Sawdust is turned into transportable fuel in Germany by a very simple process. It is heated under high steam pressure till the resinous ingredients become sticky, when it is pressed into bricks.

SHOES.—When shoes have become stiff and uncomfortable from constant wear in the rain, or from lying by unworn, apply a coat of vaseline, rubbing it in well with a cloth, and in a short time the leather will become soft and pliable.

MICROPHONES.—A recent invention consists of an apparatus by means of which a microphone suspended over a child's crib automatically rings an electric bell situated at any convenient point on the least noise made by the child. The microphone, as is well known, is a very sensitive form of a telephone transmitter, capable of detecting the faintest sounds.

Farm and Garden.

SKIM MILK.—Skim milk for calves is not their natural food. The whole milk, containing the fat, is nature's provision, and when the calf is deprived of the carbonaceous matter in the milk it will not thrive.

HOPS.—A new use has been discovered for hops, namely, the curing of bacon. It is found that a sprinkling of hops in the brine adds greatly to the flavor of bacon and hams, and enables them to be kept an indefinite period.

MALES.—When farmers co-operate to procure a purebred male it denotes improvement in the community, and that the stock in that section will become better. Every association of farmers should make the consideration of live stock a leading feature at every meeting.

CHURNS.—The rapid manner in which certain modern churns convert cream into butter is one of the wonders of the dairying age. Butter can now be made while the breakfast table is being laid, five or six minutes being all the time needed to churn, while in a few more minutes the butter can be made up and brought to the table.

ASTHMATIC TROUBLES AND SORENESS OF THE Lungs or Throat are usually overcome by Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant—a sure curative for Colds. The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sanative.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

ISSUED WEEKLY AT 725 SANSOM ST.

A. E. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 27, 1896.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

[IN ADVANCE.]

1 Copy One Year..... $2.00
2 Copies One Year..... 3.00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 5.00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postoffice money order, Draft, Check or Registered Letter.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Character and Dress.

Showy dress has always had its bitter enemies, who have lavished denunciations upon it. Usually there have been several sects of the austerely good, and innumerable individuals apart from sects, who have given the world to understand that their preference was—metaphorically—for a leathern girdle about their loins. Yet the crusade against fine dress has never prospered, the reason probably being that adornment of the person is less a fashion than an instinct. We share the feeling with the animals that dress not. They obviously regard Nature's renewals of their coats and colors and dignified trappings with pride.

The aboriginal savage, who painted and tattooed himself before he had acquired a sense of shame, was submitting to one of the most primitive instincts. Having satisfied his hunger and his revenge, his thoughts turned, not to comfort, but to decoration, and ornament took precedence of utility. The dress-reformers have never been able to eradicate this most ancient tendency; the most they can hope to do is to modify it by giving utility the first place, making it the groundwork of dress, and then having regard to beauty in the superstructure.

It has frequently been asserted that women err on the side of an over-regard for dress to a far greater extent than men. That this is true at the present day does not admit of question. Looking back however to the curious encumbrances and extravagances affected by the beaux from, say, the fourteenth to the eighteenth centuries, there does not appear to have been much to choose between the two sexes on the score of fantastic adornment.

If women barricaded themselves in hooped cages, whereon they hung curtain on curtain in the form of frills and furbelows, while their architectural skill was expended, as Addison admiringly observed, on marvellous structures of ribbon, lace, and wire to tower from the head, men were equally concerned for frilled shirts, finely laced coats, stuffed hose, and powdered and ribboned peruques, and were given to breaking out in hideously-pointed toes and other monstrosities.

The assertion that women have taken more pains to adorn their heads than men has certainly been true of recent generations. The persistence of the stiff, ugly, and characterless "chimney-pot" hat may be taken as at once a proof of the intense conservatism of men and their failure either to invent or to care to invent dress improvements. In fact, dress altogether has come to be a much less important matter to men than to women, occupying a far smaller fraction of their thoughts. Man's dress has become stereotyped to a very large extent, whereas a woman's costume affords far greater scope for individuality and variety of style.

If the husband is tidily dressed, well brushed, without any conspicuous garnishings, with clean linen and boots, he will easily pass muster, though his suit may have been made several seasons ago, so comparatively insignificant are the changes in his fashions. But let a woman dress herself in clothes made a few years ago, without any adaptation to the style of dress worn to-day, and she will be marked out at once as peculiar and old-fashioned.

Peculiarities of dress, marking certain classes or occupations, are undoubtedly tending to decline, the only exceptions being the adoption of pretty uniforms, especially by women who are doing work that makes it advisable that they should be readily distinguished. Towards the other end of the scale the affectations of certain classes who once carefully cultivated peculiarities—artists, writers, and Bohemians generally—are much less observable. People are coming to see that there is a certain fitness in dress, as in manners, that it is best not to disregard, and that suits nearly every occasion. The people who regard care and nicety in dress as so much evidence of conceit are yearly decreasing in number. There is a wider common consent as to what is seemly than ever before.

Looked at from the historical point of view, the "architecture" of dress forms one of the best connecting threads on which one may string one's recollections of periods. If one observes closely the succession of fashions, one has a pictorial reference that is very helpful to memory, certain dresses being associated with groups of events.

The crinoline stage, the days of netted hair looking like a swarm of bees, the reign of the "bustle," and the waddling walk associated with it, the brief ages of ample skirts and of clinging draperies, with many other variations, recur to us, and somehow seem to be associated with mental phases and necessary steps of evolution. There is no more continuous thread of interest than dress, if we take the trouble to make the requisite associations between what we wear and what we do and experience.

Nearly all the best writers have taken advantage of the power of expressing character through dress; and we shall find that we can hardly recall a notable man or woman, without having a clear conception of their dress as almost essential to their personality.

We cannot get away from the fact that the style is the man to a very large extent, and dress is an essential element in "the style," and affords a legitimate form of expression.

Preachers may inveigh against it, and economists prove that there is unsoundness in giving much attention to so trivial a subject; but, foolish though the extremes of fashion are, with their opportunities for vulgar display and their incitements to careless extravagance and a delight in superfluities, love of dress will flourish because it is an easy outlet for artistic feeling, and through free taste in dress the whole lower ranges of character may be prettily expressed—the modest demureness of the Quakeress, the florid showiness of the lover of power, the rakish disorder of those who live merrily with thoughts and without experience, the coldness of the proud, and the simplicity of the sincere. It is a pity, seeing that dress is so expressive, that it fails as a vehicle for intellect.

If we listen to our self-love, we shall estimate our lot less by what it is than by what it is not; shall dwell upon its hindrances, and be blind to its possibilities; and, comparing it only with imaginary lives, still indulge in flattering dreams of what we should do, if we had but power, and give, if we had but wealth, and be, if we had no temptations. We shall be for ever querulously pleading our unloving temper and unfruitful life; and fancying ourselves injured beings, virtually frowning at the dear Providence that loves us, and chafing with a self-torture which invites no pity. If we yield ourselves unto God, and sincerely accept our lot as assigned by Him, we shall count up its contents, and disregard its omissions; and be it as feeble as a cripple's, and as narrow as a child's, shall find in it resources of good surpassing our best economy, and sacred claims that may keep our highest will.

A PERSON who has no object in life is apt to run a vagrant and useless career. A man who aims at nothing cannot reasonably expect to hit at anything. In military operations there is always what is called "the objective point." The objective point is the point to be made, the thing to be done. All the forces of the army are concentrated on the making of that point; and, when that point is made, success follows. In one sense life is a warfare; it is a succession of campaigns. And every one should have his objective point—a clearly-defined purpose—and work up to it with undeviating persistency. This is the only way he can succeed.

THE best lesson a father can give his son is this: "Work, strengthen your moral and mental faculties, as you would strengthen your muscles by vigorous exercise. Learn to conquer circumstances; you are then independent of fortune. The men of athletic minds, who left their marks on the years in which they lived, were all trained in a rough school. They did not mount their high position by the help of leverage; they leaped into chasms, grappled with the opposing rocks, avoided avalanches, and, when the goal was reached, felt that but for the toil that had strengthened them as they strove, it could never have been attained."

HAPPINESS is not a privilege, but a duty—not a mere outward good that may perhaps come to us, but an inward possession which we are bound to attain. When we remember the contagious character of happiness, the strength, courage, and hope it excites by its very presence, and the power for good it exerts in every direction, we cannot doubt our obligation to attain as much of it as possible.

THE wish to succeed is an element in every undertaking, without which achievement is impossible. The ambition to succeed is the mainspring of activity, the driving-wheel of industry, the spur to intellectual and moral progress. It gives energy to the individual, enthusiasm to the many, push to the nation. It makes the difference between people who move as a stream and people who stand like a pool.

ELEGANCE of language may not be in the power of all of us; but simplicity and straightforwardness are. Write much as you would speak; speak as you think. If with your inferiors, speak no coarser than usual; if with your superiors, no finer. Be what you say; and, within the rules of prudence, say what you are.

SYMPATHY produces harmony; it smoothes off the rough edges of conflicting characters; it brings the cheeriness of the hopeful to chase away the fears of the desponding; it draws reinforcements for the weakness or the want of some from the wealth or strength of others.

THERE is nothing, says Plato, so delightful as the hearing or speaking of truth. For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of a man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.

PREJUDICES are like the knots in the glass of our windows. They alter the shape of everything that we choose to look at through them; they make straight things crooked and everything indistinct.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

M. H.—In passing through a door, a lady, even if she is the hostess, always precedes a gentleman.

J. F. R.—Requiescat in pace means "May he rest in peace." It is a common inscription on tombstones in many countries.

E. H. S.—To remove the marks of perspiration in clothing, first use a strong solution of soda, and then rinse thoroughly with clean water.

ESSIE.—The strait which connects San Francisco Bay with the Pacific Ocean has been termed, not inappropriately, the Golden Gate, as it is the passage through which multitudes in former years hastened to gather the gold to be found in California.

L. M. M.—A card when you are not at home is the same as a personal visit, and it is your duty to return it. The neglect of this would be a great solecism, and your visitor, unless a very intimate friend, would have the privilege of regarding her presence as undesirable.

E. H. B.—Previous to investing your funds in real estate, you should not only examine the property itself, but the surroundings, with a view of ascertaining whether the property is likely to advance in value. Take some disinterested party with you, and do not depend to any extent on the statements of estate agents.

G. G. M.—On September 9, 1609, Henry Hudson, in the employ of the Dutch East India Company, discovered the Bay of New York, and three days later entered the river which bears his name. The land discovered by Hudson was claimed by Holland and named New Netherland. In 1614 the first Dutch settlements were made on Manhattan Island.

C. S. A.—Spinach, the leaves of which are boiled and eaten as a vegetable, is supposed to have first grown in Western Asia and to have been brought by the Arabs into Spain, whence it was carried into other parts of Europe. The word spinach is from the Latin spina, a thorn, the plant being named, as some think, on account of its prickly leaves; but others think it is from Hispania, the ancient name of Spain.

W. F.—The polar circles are drawn at a distance of 23½ degrees from the pole, because that distance marks the limits of the area within which there is found at least one day in each year upon which the sun does not set. In the same way the tropic of Cancer and the tropic of Capricorn, drawn 23½ degrees from the Equator, mark the limits of the area in which the sun is vertical, some time in his yearly course.

V. S.—Your own common-sense should teach you there is no reason to believe that any ill-luck attends a party of thirteen, unless, indeed, there should only be dinner for twelve. How could the fact that thirteen sat down to dinner cause one of the party to die within a year? If there were any truth in the belief the insurance companies should have found it out by this time; but we have never heard of any company which objects to its policy-holders sitting down thirteen to dinner as often as they choose.

L. N. B.—Geysers (pronounced as if written gi-sers) are intermittent hot springs found in various parts of the world. In Iceland, in a circuit of about two miles, there are more than one hundred springs which send forth hot water; fifty or more in the space of a few acres. The so-called geysers of California are in Sonoma County. Those at the head waters of the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers are thought to be the most wonderful on the globe. One called the Giantess, when in action, throws a column of water to the height of 219 feet. Another, Old Faithful, so called for its regularity, spouts at intervals of about an hour.

ESPOIR.—A melancholy secret, "which not even my mother knows." It will be quite safe with us; we know too many such to reveal one, even if we wished. Live in hope. Seriously, the fickle young man could only be a "bad bargain;" and, of all pangs to a woman, that of "despised love" must be the hardest to bear. Your most politic way is not to seem to bear it, and, if possible, to convey to your former admirer the fact—and let it be a fact—that you despise him. What is he, that he should trifle with a pure and noble love? Is he so precious that there is none other so good? There is no reason why you should not follow his "vocation," and just "mark down" his goods a figure or so lower. You have put too high a value upon him.

FINGAL.—We kiss our daughters on the forehead, our sisters and such near relatives as cousins, whom we may not marry, on the cheeks; our bride, wife, or intended on the lips. Formerly, on being introduced to the family, strangers used to salute on the cheeks; and Erasmus, the friend of Luther, writes from England, describing it as a paradise, because one was expected thus to salute all the women, "who were beautiful as angels." Some people are wicked enough to be sorry that this chaste salute has died out. There could not be much harm if Erasmus indulged in it. We do not understand your second question; put it again. We should salute either a lady or gentleman in the streets by lifting the hat. Of course, no "strange" gentleman should accost a lady in the street unless she be insulted or in danger. The lady's best method is to take no notice, preserve a perfect and contemptuous silence, and walk on. When the lady speaks, she at once condones the offence, and pardons the insult, and must take the consequences.

LOVE AND SUMMER.

BY W. W. LONG.

Crocuses bloom along the hedges,
Streamlets sing the livelong day;
Violets bloom in cool green meadows,
Black birds twitter loud and gay.

Lilies bend to kiss the river,
Bees are reveling in clover seas;
Green leaves dance to zephyr's music,
Doves coo low in maple trees.

Sunbeams dance amid the shadows,
Where the bees and roses wed;
The fields are dotted o'er with daisies,
The garden's a-fire with poppies red.

The sky and sea blend blue together,
Soft light falls o'er mountains gray;
Sweetheart, life is filled with gladness,
For love and summer came to-day.

The Sea Queen.

BY J. W.

THE following telegram, addressed to Richard Carson, arrived one afternoon in July, at an isolated post office on the coast of Skye: "Sea Queen of Holyhead. All well." Maggie Mackenzie, the telegraph clerk, was alone when she received it. Her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkled as she copied it out.

"That's brave news!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Blake will be a proud man to-day. My certes, he wouldn't be long at the fishing if he knew what was waiting for him here. I should like fine to see his face when he reads it—and I will, too, for I'll hand him the telegram myself the minute he comes in."

But the light went out of her eyes and she looked puzzled and distressed when she realized that the telegram was addressed to Carson and not to Blake. Carson was not the owner of the Sea Queen. Why should the telegram be addressed to him?

The men were old acquaintances, and were both stopping at the inn to which the postoffice was attached; but it never even occurred to Maggie that Carson might have instructed an agent to forward the telegram in order that he might be the first to communicate the glad tidings to Blake. His most casual acquaintance would have smiled at the bare idea of such a thing.

Maggie had, moreover, very good reasons for believing that he detested Blake, and would not scruple to injure him if the opportunity presented itself. He suspected—as he had bluntly informed her—that Alf Blake was responsible for what he considered her incomprehensible refusal to become his wife; and if he could hit on a scheme, however unscrupulous, of crushing his rival, he was not the man to hesitate.

Still it seemed impossible that the innocent-looking telegram before her could be used as a weapon against Alf, and with a smile at her fanciful suspicions Maggie picked up an envelope in which to inclose it.

At the same moment the fragments of a conversation which she had overheard the previous night flashed across her mind, and seemed at once to supply a motive for Carson's conduct.

She had gathered from the disjointed sentences which reached her that Carson—a professional speculator—had offered Alf a merely nominal price for the Sea Queen, and that Alf, despairing of her safe arrival, had almost consented to accept it.

If Carson had agreed to increase his offer by a hundred or two, the bargain would have been completed on the spot. Now that Carson was sure of the Sea Queen's safety, she had no doubt that he would keep the telegram in his pocket, increase his offer, and induce Alf to part with the vessel for a fraction of its real value.

If he did so, the rosy dreams of fame and success that had come to Alf with the Sea Queen—an unexpected legacy from a wealthy relative—would melt into thin air. He was an impecunious journalist with literary aspirations, and he had intended to sell the vessel, invest the proceeds, give up reporting, devote himself entirely to literature, and so realise the most cherished ambition of his life.

His name was already known as a writer of short stories and descriptive articles, and with a permanent private income to fall back upon, he had no fear of the future.

But unfortunately the Sea Queen was not insured, and after leaving Cape Coast Castle at the advertised date, was already two or three weeks overdue; and Alf, who had been waiting in an agony of suspense to hear news of the missing vessel, was beginning to abandon all hope of her arrival. Maggie was sure from his tone and manner on the previous night that Carson would find no difficulty in carrying out his infamous scheme.

Though it was clearly her duty to deliver the telegram at once, she still stood gazing at it with an air of painful indecision. Alf was fishing in the lochs among the hills, miles away across the wet moors.

Even if she had been free to leave the postoffice, how could she be sure of finding him, or at least of doing so without Carson, who was sitting in the porch staring moodily at the driving mist, discovering what she had done.

Discovery would mean ruin. It was illegal to keep back the telegram or to disclose its contents. She had taken the usual oath. She had solemnly and sincerely declared that she would not wittingly or willingly open or delay or cause to be opened or delayed anything that came into her hands or custody by reason of her employment relating to the postoffice, except by the consent of the person or persons to whom the same should be directed.

If she were found guilty of violating her oath, she would be instantly dismissed. She believed Carson to be absolutely unscrupulous. If he discovered that she had spoiled his plans by disclosing the contents of the telegram, she did not believe he would spare her. Even if he did so for the time being, she would ever afterwards be at his mercy.

She remembered with a shudder the expression of his eyes, the hard set lines of his face, when he told her that sooner or later he would force her to marry him. What might the fear of exposure compel her to do? If she had already found it difficult to struggle against his strong will and dogged pertinacity, how would she be able to resist him when her whole future, her honor, her livelihood depended upon his silence?

She loved Alf. She realised that clearly enough now; but she did not believe that, except in the way of friendship, he cared for her. If he loved her, if she were certain of it, the sacrifice would be so much easier.

But would the consciousness of having thrown away all that makes life worth living, merely to prevent an act of injustice, comfort her amid the reproaches, the contempt, and pity of her friends and relatives? To violate her oath, to face humiliation and disgrace, and then to be abandoned to a lonely, loveless, miserable life, seemed a burden too heavy to be borne. If she were dismissed—— Her face suddenly flushed crimson and then turned white.

Would dismissal be her only punishment? It flashed upon her that it might prove the lightest part of the penalty she would have to bear. With trembling fingers she searched a drawer in which she remembered a copy of the Act relating to such matters had been placed. She found it, and this is what she read:

"Any person having official duties connected with the postoffice, or acting on behalf of the Postmaster-general, who shall, contrary to his duty, disclose or in any way make known or intercept the contents of a telegraphic message, or any telegram entrusted to the Postmaster general for the purpose of transmission, shall in England and Ireland be guilty of a misdemeanor, and in Scotland of a crime and offence, and shall upon conviction be subject to imprisonment for a term not exceeding twelve calendar months."

As she read it she was seized with a panic. She could no longer debate the matter in cold blood. Her brain whirled round. She could not think. She could only act, and her action was naturally the result of her sudden terror. She slipped the telegram into an envelope and almost ran out of the office.

"Hamish!" she called breathlessly. "Hamish!"

A little bare legged Highland boy came pattering along the passage.

"Away with this to Mr. Carson. He's in the porch. Away with you this minute."

He darted away with the telegram in his hand, and then she realised what she had done.

"Hamish!" she cried feebly. But the boy had disappeared.

She turned back into the office, faint and dizzy, and leaning on the desk, buried her face in her hands.

"Oh, what'll I do, what will I do?" she moaned. "I've spoiled his life—I've ruined him."

From an official and legal point of view, she had done her duty, and yet she was sick at heart with shame and self-loathing. It seemed to her at that moment that she had purchased her own safety weakly and selfishly at the expense of the man she loved.

Hamish scurried past the window and in at the door.

"D'ye see that?" he cried breathlessly, opening his little brown fist, and revealing 25 cents. "Mr. Carson gied it me. I'm thinking it will be good news he was gettin', for he smiled and looked awfu' pleased, and patted me on the back and gied me this 25 cents."

Now that Maggie had taken the irrevocable step, she would have given worlds to retrace it. She seized a form and mechanically wrote out a copy of the telegram; but a moment after threw it impatiently aside. Alf was miles away among the moors, and it was running too great a risk to entrust it to a messenger.

If she did so, questions were sure to be asked, and the truth would come out sooner or later. She could not leave the postoffice herself. Macdonald, the postmaster and proprietor of the inn, was the only other person who could attend to the telegraph, and he had driven to Broadford, and the time of his return was uncertain.

In the meantime, Carson might grow impatient, and instead of waiting for Alf to turn up, might tramp across the hills to meet him. Peering cautiously out of the window, she waited with beating heart to see what he would do.

He came out of the porch, scowled at the rain and driving mist, and went back. He reappeared again and again, and every time she expected him to take the road across the hills; but after throwing a black look round and muttering angrily to himself, he invariably retreated into the porch.

Maggie had learned to hate the long monotonous days when the rain dripped ceaselessly from sunrise to nightfall, the mainland disappeared in mist, and the dismal grey sea moaned drearily among the rocks.

But now the least pause in the steady downpour, the faintest lightening of the sky, made her heart flutter with fear, and she prayed that the rain might not stop, and that Alf might stay among the moors until she had time to think, to decide upon some course of action.

She longed for a few hours', a few minutes' delay. Some way of escape might present itself. Macdonald might arrive and leave her free to act as she thought best. Some friend or agent of Alf's in Liverpool might telegraph the news of the Sea Queen's arrival, and then all would be plain sailing.

She heard the sound of wheels. Was that Macdonald? She darted to the window. It was only a party of guests from the Castle driving merrily through the rain. The sound of steps took the blood from her face. Could it be Alf?

It proved to be a drenched fisherman trudging past with a string of saithe, bream, and whiting. The electric bell rang, and she leapt to her feet. It might be a message from Alf's agent. It was only a telegram to one of the guests at the Castle.

The suspense became unbearable. She could not sit still. She moved restlessly about the room, trying vainly to determine what she ought to do, listening and watching for Carson, for Macdonald, for Alf, and utterly incapable of deciding on any definite course of action. When the time came for decision, she did not hesitate a moment. She acted half mechanically, moved—as it seemed—by some power outside herself.

Several hours passed before Macdonald arrived. She thrust the copy of the telegram into her pocket and was half-way to the door, when she stopped abruptly. Carson had turned out again, and was talking to Macdonald.

"Wet day, Macdonald," he remarked briskly.

"Ay, it's a coarse day," replied Macdonald dryly; "but its a grand day for the fishing. Mr. Blake'll be away to the loch, I'm thinking."

Carson was no favorite with the innkeeper. His want of enthusiasm about fishing, and his fear of getting wet, had lowered him immensely in Macdonald's esteem.

"Oh yes," rejoined Carson. "He went off soon after breakfast. Wanted to drag me with him, but I wasn't such a fool. Don't see the force of tramping over wet moors, and standing up to my waist in water all day, for the sake of catching half a dozen beastly little fish."

"Ah, well," said Macdonald coldly, "it takes all sorts of men to make a world, and I've met many a bigger fool than Mr. Blake."

"Have you any idea which way he'll come back?" asked Carson, ignoring Macdonald's somewhat aggressive tone. "I thought I might stroll up the hill a bit and meet him."

"I can't tell you that," answered Macdonald. "There's half-a-dozen ways he might come home, and if you'll take my advice you'll just bide where you are. If you go up the hill you'll be getting your feet wet, and then who knows what may happen to you."

Macdonald came in grinning through the passage on which the door of the office opened, and Maggie intercepted him. She told him she wanted to go out, and begged him to attend to any telegrams that might arrive. The grin disappeared, and he looked a trifle crusty.

"My word, lassie, you're no blate," said he. "I'm just wet to the skin, and wanting my dinner. Can't you wait awhile?"

But Macdonald, like most of those who came in contact with Maggie, could refuse her nothing. One glance at her piteous face, pale and quivering with agitation, disarmed him.

"Hoots, lassie," he exclaimed; "I'll manage fine. Away with you."

She caught a Tam-o'-Shanter from behind the door, slipped it over her curly dark hair, and darted out into the rain. She whisked round to the back of the inn, and ran up the hill. She wished in the first place to escape from Carson's keen eyes, though even yet she hardly knew whether she would warn Alf or not.

The path twisted up the side of the hill, and she was soon out of sight of the inn. Then she walked more slowly. The rain was still falling steadily. The heather was like a sponge, the narrow path a series of runlets and pools, the ground soft mire, in which at times she sank ankle deep. The hills before her, the sea behind her, were shrouded in mist.

She toiled higher and higher, the rain still falling, the mist thickening. Her Tam-o'-Shanter was drenched through, and her clothes hung on her like lead. Though she had even yet no clear notion of what she would say or do if she met him, she was tortured by the fear of missing Alf.

If he had gone astray in the mist, or come by another path, she might be unable to see him alone before he met Carson. Goaded by the thought, she hurried on, mounting one slope after another until she reached a point from which she could overlook a long stretch of moor. Alf was in sight. She instantly darted behind the jutting corner of a wood, shrinking with terror from the decision she could no longer postpone.

* * * * * *

In the meantime, Alf was walking across the moor slowly and wearily, with bent head and dragging feet, a forlorn, drenched miserable-looking object. He was in a mood of black depression. He believed that the cup he had just raised to his lips had been dashed aside. He saw nothing before him but a dreary, hopeless struggle amid uncongenial surroundings.

It would have been easier to bear had a brighter prospect never tantalised him. He had been haunted all day by a conviction, which no argument he envolved could shake, that the Sea Queen was at the bottom of the Atlantic.

He was so sure of it that he fully expected to find a telegram announcing the fact waiting for him at the inn. He began to regret that he had not accepted Carson's offer. Even that would have been infinitely better than nothing. As it was, he would have to go back to his dreary work amid lecture halls, concert rooms, and police courts.

He seemed to hear the monotonous throbbing of the machinery, to get a whiff of the indescribable smell of a newspaper office, and his soul turned sick within him. He was physically exhausted, hungry and wet and weary, and, moreover, he had gone away without any matches, and had been unable to soothe himself with a pipe.

He looked so pathetically wretched that Maggie, peering at him through the leaves, felt a sudden pang of pity and stepped promptly forward to meet him. He glanced up, and was instantly transformed. His cheeks flushed and his eyes danced with pleasure.

"Well, Mr. Blake, have you had a good catch?" asked Maggie, with a desperate effort to preserve her usual indifferent manner.

"First-rate," rejoined Alf, swinging his creel round and lifting the lid. It was full to the brim of fine trout.

"You've done real well," said Maggie. "There are some grand fish there. But, dear me, you must be wet to the skin."

"Yes, I'm pretty wet," he rejoined with a glance at his dripping clothes. "But I think there's not much to choose between us. You're nearly as wet as I am, and you've no mackintosh. We must hurry back."

"Oh, Skye, rain hurts nobody," answered Maggie. "I just came out for a walk, and I'm not going back yet awhile."

Alf's face fell.

"You're not coming back yet?" he repeated dolefully.

"No," she answered petulantly, "I'm going farther up the hill."

"Oh," said Alf disconsolately, "I thought—I thought——"

Maggie laughed strangely.

"You thought I'd come to meet you? I wonder what could put that into your head, Mr. Blake. But you'd better be moving, or you'll catch your death of cold."

Alf turned pale and looked away. Then he glanced at her with a pleasant smile.

"Well, I hope you'll enjoy your walk," he said. "I do feel rather tired, and so I'll take your advice."

He plodded drearily on, and she watched him with a curious mingling of pity and irritation. In another moment she was at his side.

"As you're so ready to take advice," she said, almost rudely, "I'll give you another piece of it. If any one's for buying the Sea Queen from you, you'll tell him you're not such a—such a gowk as you look."

Alf stared at her in bewilderment.

"What do you mean?" he asked. She thrust the copy of the telegram into his hand.

"That means fortune for you," said she; "but it means shame for me. I've no more right to show it to you than I have to pick your pocket, but I couldn't—I couldn't bear—oh, away with you to the inn, and get your clothes dried. I'm for the hill."

One glance at the telegram was enough. With two strides Alf was up to her and caught her by the hands.

"Maggie," he exclaimed, and his dripping face shone with delight, "you did this for me?"

"Ay," she said, turning aside to hide her swimming eyes and twitching lips. "And what'll become of me when it all comes out, I daren't think."

He kept tight hold of her hands, and peered into her face.

"Oh Maggie," said he; "Oh Maggie, my dear, do you love me?"

"Love you indeed!" she exclaimed, struggling to free her hands. "What havers. Away with you to the inn."

"Not I," retorted Alf, "not I. You've got to listen to me, Miss Maggie Mackenzie. I've caught you at last, and every word I've long wanted to say to you, you shall hear before we part. Maggie, my dear, I've loved you since the first minute I saw your bonny face; but till you put that telegram into my hand I was a poor man, and God helping me, I swore I'd never ask you to share the dreary life I've led till now. Besides, I thought—I thought—I was beginning to think that you liked Carson better than me. Now I shall have enough to keep us both; and if you'll be my own dear wife, Maggie, I'll be true and kind to you all the days of my life, and one word from you will make me at this moment the happiest man in all the world. What do you say, Maggie?"

"Well," said Maggie mischievously, "I don't know whether you're the happiest man in all the world, but I'm thinking you're surely the wettest. Down the hill you go this minute, sir, and change your clothes, or——"

She stopped abruptly. There stood Carson, watching them with a look that struck the smile from their faces. Alf had dropped the telegram when he darted after Maggie, and Carson had picked it up and read it. He had realised the situation at a glance. The fingers that held the telegram quivered, and his face was livid with passion.

"Do you quite understand what this means?" said he, ignoring Alf and addressing Maggie. "Do you know what is the penalty for disclosing the contents of a telegram? In the eyes of the law you are as much a criminal as if you had stolen my watch or forged my signature. You shall pay for this—do you hear me? You shall pay dearly for this. I will teach you to cross my path and spoil my plans."

Maggie clung to Alf in a sudden paroxysm of terror, overcome by the sickening sensation which she had always experienced when her will was opposed to Carson's.

Even Alf's presence failed to reassure her. He had always seemed too sensitive and diffident to be anything like a match for a prompt, unscrupulous, imperious man of affairs like Carson.

"What do you mean?" asked Alf quietly.

"What do I mean, curse you!" exclaimed Carson savagely. "I mean that this girl has rendered herself liable to twelve months' imprisonment for disclosing the contents of a telegram addressed to me."

"And do you suppose," continued Alf, speaking more slowly and in a lower tone than usual—"do you for one moment imagine that any judge or jury possessed of the most elementary sense of justice would condemn her for exposing one of the dirtiest and most contemptible frauds that even such a man as you ever perpetrated?"

"Take care!" shouted Carson. "Mind what you're about."

"I assure you," rejoined Alf, "that I am selecting my expressions with the nicest care. You certainly are precisely the most despicable person I ever met, and I have not the smallest particle of doubt that my opinion of you will be shared by every man and woman in the kingdom, if you are ever imprudent enough to make these proceedings public."

"Then listen to me," exclaimed Carson. "I care not one brass farthing what you or any other fool may think of me, and I swear that I will spare no time or trouble or money to have that girl punished as she deserves, unless——"

He paused.

"Unless?" asked Alf.

"Unless you leave Skye by the Claymore to-night, and take a solemn oath that you will never see or speak to her again."

"There is just one little difficulty in the way," remarked Alf; "but I am afraid, I am really afraid, Carson, that it will prevent my adopting your no doubt well-meant suggestion. Maggie has just promised to marry me."

"She shall not marry you," cried Carson. "I tell you she shall not marry you. Now, look here, Blake, you don't understand me. You don't know what I'm capable of. If you drive me past a certain point, I'll stick at nothing—do you hear me?—I'll stick at nothing. You'd better get out of my way before it's too late."

"To use your own elegant expression," replied Alf, "I don't care a brass farthing what you're capable of; and I understand you perfectly. On the other hand, I am inclined to think that you don't understand me. You seem to be laboring under the delusion that because I decline to soil my hands with your dirty methods of money-making, that I am your mental inferior; and that because I have some consideration for the feelings of others, I must, in the nature of things, be a coward. You are simply a stupid, selfish, coarse-fibred bully; and I assure you I care no more for your bluster than I care for the whistling of the wind in the trees. I will give you a sufficient proof of the value I attach to your threats. Give me your hand, Maggie."

Trembling with agitation, Maggie slipped her hand into Alf's, and they walked down the hill, Carson, after a moment's hesitation, following close behind.

Maggie little guessed what was in Alf's mind when, still clasping her hand, he marched straight into the kitchen, where Macdonald, two or three fishermen, and the schoolmaster were sitting by the fire, and Mrs. Macdonald was baking scones. They looked up in astonishment. Carson stood in the doorway. Alf and Maggie made a curious couple—a pale, slim, pretty girl in a Tam-o'-Shanter, and a dilapidated-looking object in a sou'-wester and an oilskin coat, with a creel at his back and a rod in his hand.

"Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, and you two gentlemen," said Alf coolly, "I wish you all to take notice that I hereby solemnly declare in your presence, as witnesses, that Margaret Mackenzie is my lawful wedded wife. Is that true, Maggie? Are you my wife?"

Maggie stared at him with white face and wide startled eyes, too frightened and bewildered to clearly understand what he meant. Then suddenly the truth flashed upon her, a rosy blush colored her pale cheeks, and with a timid cry she buried her face in her hands.

"Come," said Alf, "you must speak, Maggie, and speak out so that every one can hear you. Are you my wife?"

And Maggie, quivering with excitement, cried, "Yes," and hid her blushing face behind the grimy old oilskin.

"My conscience!" exclaimed Macdonald.

"Well, that beats everything," said the schoolmaster.

"They're clean daft," cried Mrs. Macdonald, wiping her hands on her apron, and glowing with delight.

"What's the meaning of this senseless mummery?" exclaimed Carson. "Do you suppose that a ceremony like that will hold good?"

"Here in Scotland it does!" chuckled Alf. "Maggie's my lawful wedded wife as certainly as if we'd been married by the Archbishop of Canterbury."

"It's an infernal lie," shouted Carson. "I don't believe it."

"You may believe it or not," said Mrs. Macdonald wrathfully, "and it matters not the bone of a herring whether you do or you don't. They're man and wife; that's just the simple truth of it."

"It's true, Carson," said Alf. "You're beaten, my man and you may as well give in, and you may understand, once for all, that you may do or say just precisely what you please. Neither I nor my wife care the weight of a straw for your threats."

Then Carson threw up the sponge. "Bring me my bill," he exclaimed savagely. "I'll not stay another hour in this Heaven-forsaken hole. Bring me my bill, I tell you."

"I'll do that, Mr. Carson," rejoined Mrs. Macdonald, in high displeasure, "I'll do that gladly; and you'll be a contented man if you're as pleased to go as I am to see the last of you."

So the bill was made out, and was perhaps none the smaller for Carson's injudicious insolence; and he stalked off to the landing-place, and waited for six hours in the rain for the Claymore, which had been detained at Portree, and sailed for Glasgow, breathing threatenings and slaughter, but came to his senses before he reached the Clyde, and ever afterwards kept his mouth discreetly closed.

And Alf raised the pretty blushing face, still hidden against the dingy wet oilskin, and kissed it boldly in the presence of the witness.

"I can do that now, Mrs. Macdonald, can't I?" said he. "She's my wife now—isn't she?"

"She is that, sir; but it's not every one that understands the peculiarities of the Scotch marriage laws, and if you'll take my way of it, she'll just be Miss Maggie Mackenzie until you're made man and wife by the minister. Besides, a lassie has just one chance of making a stir in the world, and that's on the day she's married: and Maggie must have her comings and goings o' courtin', and her bridesmaids and her cake, and her bit presents, as well as the best of them."

"I'll take your advice, Mrs. Macdonald," exclaimed Alf, "and some of your excellent scones at the same time, and anything else you have handy, for I'm just on the brink of starvation."

"The first thing you'll do," said Maggie, as one having authority, "is it to go and change your clothes, for you're just for all the world like a sponge, and you're fairly standing in a pool of water."

And Alf showed that he realised the consequences of his new position by meekly obeying.

A Timely Witness.

BY G. L. S.

FOR many long days the Dauntless, brig-of-war, one of the vessels of the commodore's squadron for the suppression of piracy, had vainly cruised about the rocks and islands in search of the fierce desperadoes who haunted those shores. One morning, while the red sunlight was struggling through a gathering haze just veiled from our sight a ship in the offing, a man was seen standing on a distant rock signalling the brig.

The captain sent Mr. Marker—a rather supercilious young midshipman—with a cutter, containing a swivel and twenty armed men, to ascertain if the signalling stranger wanted to come aboard.

As the boat proceeded, and the fog thickened, Mr. Marker began to upbraid the coxswain, Granger, for his steering, though it could not be excelled.

"If you don't do better," he shouted, angrily, "I will have you reported."

This coxswain was particularly obnoxious to Mr. Marker, because he had lately saved the life of one of the midshipmen while he (Marker) was thinking about it.

It had happened during a heavy gale. A little middy—the first lieutenant's son—had fallen overboard, and while Mr. Marker—who, though brave, was also cautious—was hesitating as to whether he could rescue him by tying a rope to his breast and jumping overboard after him, Granger, one of the foremast hands, who was a spirited, intelligent young fellow of seventeen, full of quick decision and ready daring, performed the manœuvre successfully, and brought the little fellow safely aboard. For this act Granger was promoted coxswain.

"Now, mind yourself," continued Mr. Marker, as the boat approached the rock on which the form of the stranger could be dimly made out through the fog. "Be careful how you steer, or I will have you broken and put back where you were before."

The young coxswain controlled his temper, though it was hard to do so. In the meantime the stranger descended the rock.

"You want to board the brig?" said the midshipman, watching him askance.

He was a middle-aged man, with keen eyes, a nose slightly beaked, and he wore a long, closely-fitting surtout.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Well, my orders were to bring you aboard—so step in, if you please."

The man entered the boat, quietly seated himself, and then came the order to give way.

As the boat dashed along the midshipman peered warily about him, and now and then stole a glance at the passenger.

"He does not look like a pirate," thought the youth, "but I shall keep my eye on him."

Just then, emerging from behind a rock, and taking a position directly ahead of the cutter, at the end of a narrow passage, between two low reefs, appeared a large boat containing about twenty desperate-looking cut-throats, wearing woolen caps, broad sashes, and armed with pistols and dirks.

There was no mistaking those swarthy fellows with their fierce, lowering visages; they belonged to the numerous hordes of pirates for whom the man-o'-war's men had been searching. On the evil face of the steersman, a giant in size, might have been observed a triumphant, sardonic grin.

"Ho! my fine fellows, we have you fast!" he shouted. "The hunted now have the best of the hunters!"

"We will see about that!" replied Mr. Marker. "Now, boys," he added, addressing his crew, "we must fight, and I hope you will give a good account of yourselves."

As he spoke he looked at the stranger who had been taken off the rock. The keen eyes of this man were fixed upon the outlaws, and he had produced a pistol from under his coat; but Marker suspected that he was some traitor who had purposely brought about this meeting with the pirates.

"Had not you better make use of your swivel before you close with the rascals?" he said in a deep voice.

"I know my own business best," answered the midshipman.

Then a troubled look crossed his face, for now another boat, containing a dozen more pirates, appeared from out the mist, astern of the cutter.

"We are hemmed in!" he muttered. "Traitor!" he added, addressing the stranger, "this is your work!"

"You are mistaken," was the cool reply.

"I shall keep an eye on you at all events. Back water," he continued, speaking to the crew. "The rascals are too many for us."

"What do you propose to do?" inquired the stranger.

"To get out of this the best way I can, if you would like to know. Sight the swivel," he added, to the bowmen, "and ply the fellows ahead with it, while we try to get through that opening in the reef. Lively, boys!"

Some of the pirates already had begun to fire their pistols at the cutter's people, while the rest pulled towards the receding boat.

An old man-o'-war's man was shot dead, and two others were wounded.

Then the report of the swivel was heard, but the pirates, lying well over, avoided the shot.

Before the piece could be re-loaded the bullets from the foe were again flying thick and fast, and another man fell dead.

"There is a shoal astern of us, sir. We shall probably ground upon it," cried the young coxswain, Granger. "Then the pirates will have us at their mercy. Had we not better make a dash at the rascals

who are firing at us? We can whip them before the others come up.'

"Ay, ay, that's the best thing to do," came the deep voice of the stranger.

"Mind your own business, both of you," said Marker. "As for you, Granger—don't let me hear another word from you, or I will have you up for mutiny——"

Ere he could finish the sentence a bullet struck him slantingly on the head, inflicting a painful though not mortal wound, which threw him down dazed and bewildered, unfitting him for the command, which thus devolved upon Granger.

"Now, boys, have at them!" the coxswain shouted. "Pull ahead!"

This order was obeyed with alacrity, and with a hearty cheer.

As the cutter rapidly advanced upon the pirates, the swivel, which had been rejoaded was fired at the outlaws, killing several of their number.

Mr. Marker's eyes began to roll. He gazed round him in a bewildered manner

"You are going the wrong way," he said, in a faint voice; "or is it because my brain is whirling that I am mistaken?

"Retreat! We must retreat!" he added, as his head drooped upon his breast.

"No, no! A few more strokes ahead, my lads, and we will be upon them!" shouted Granger, in a ringing voice.

The next moment the cutter crashed against the other boat, when a desperate combat ensued. The pirates fought fiercely, but their opponents wielded their cutlasses and used their pistols with daring intrepidity, and with the determined energy of plucky men trained to conflict. Cheering them on, Granger threw himself into the thick of the fray, slashing right and left with a powerful arm. The stranger, with a cutlass snatched from a fallen sailor, fought like a lion, his strong, deep voice, blended with the coxswain's, as he laid about him with might and main. The clash of steel, the report of small arms, the hoarse cries of the cutter's men, and the tiger-like "Hi yahs!" of the pirates, echoed with strange din among the huge rocks.

At length the outlaws were so badly cut up that they would have retreated but for the approach of their other boat with its number enemies.

As it drew near, however, the stranger contrived to bring the swivel to bear upon this craft, and fired a shot that stove the boat, when seeing there was no longer hope for them, all the pirates made off, disappearing among the rocks.

"We are the victors," said the stranger, quietly. "A bold dash, even with the odds against you, is often better than a retreat."

"True," said Granger. "Had we continued to back away from the pirates we should have grounded, and had the rascals in both boats upon us!"

"You—ah—you disobeyed orders," said Mr. Marker, whom a sip of brandy had slightly strengthened. "I—I—will have you shot for mutiny!"

"From first to last after you were hit, you were not fit to command, sir," replied the coxswain.

"We will see what a court-martial has to say on the subject!" retorted the midshipman.

This made Granger uneasy. He had always prided himself on doing his duty, but he knew that Mr. Marker could so represent his conduct as to influence a court martial against him.

The cutter now was headed in search of the brig, which was at last sighted through the fog and boarded.

The captain, on seeing the stranger, started as if surprised, then, as the latter said something to him in a low voice, he accompanied him into the cabin.

Meanwhile Mr. Marker proceeded to describe to the officer of the deck what he was pleased to term his coxswain's disobedience of orders, when the officer at once ordered Granger to be arrested and put in the brig—a place between two guns forward, where delinquents were confined.

Mad and disconsolate, Granger now anticipated the punishment inflicted on a mutineer—death at the yard arm, or by the bullets of the marines.

And yet he had performed a gallant action—the only one that had saved the man-o'-war's men and given them the victory.

When he took upon himself the command and made his bold dash at the pirates he had known that Mr. Marker, who had opposed the movement, was too much dazed and bewildered to clearly realize what he was about; but was there any hope that the members of the court-martial would believe him when he said so?

The long day and the night passed. Several times Granger had seen groups of men near him, and heard them conversing in low voices, while they glanced ominously towards him.

Next morning, just after daybreak, the boatswain was heard piping all hands on deck. Then followed the roll of the drum, after which was heard the harsh voice of the Lieutenant of marines. The clattering of muskets succeeded, then the master-at-arms made his appearance in the "brig."

"What's up, Thompson?" inquired Granger, sadly.

"You're to go on deck with me," answered Thompson, with a gloomy face "God only knows what they are going to do with you, but there's a file of marines in the gangway with loaded muskets."

The master-at-arms now led the prisoner on deck. The file of marines stood like statues in the gangway. Near them was the captain, and close to him the stranger who had been taken from the rock. The crew were ranged further forward.

"Mr. Marker," said the stranger, turning to the midshipman, who stood a few paces off, "you think that a few shots would serve this fellow right?" pointing to Granger as he spoke.

"Ah, for his mutiny, his disobedience of orders," answered Marker, fiercely.

"Marines," continued the stranger, "do your duty. Give the coxswain a volley a volley in his honor. Fire over his head!"

The crew stared in wonder. Mr. Marker started. The marines did not budge, but looked in surprise at the speaker, whom neither they nor any of the sailors had never seen before he was sighted on the rock, and yet who ordered them so peremptorily. But now, quickly divesting himself of his surtout, the stranger disclosed the uniform of a Commodore, while at the same time the captain shouted,

"Do as you are bid, marines! He whom you see is the Commodore of the squadron!"

In an instant the muskets were raised, and the volley of honor roared over Granger's head.

"Now off with his irons!" cried the commodore.

The handcuffs were quickly whipped off by the delighted master-at-armst then the commodore, addressing the crew, eulogized Granger's conduct in taking command of, and in manœuvring, the cutter as he had done, after Midshipman Marker was dazed by the shot which struck him, and which, from first to last, unfitted him for giving proper orders.

"Ay," he continued, "and I am now glad that I remained on the rock to take a view of the channels and reef near it, while I sent my ship's barge to explore some of the labyrinths of the isles—an even glad that the men of the barge, for some reason or other, could not find their way back to me, as it has enabled me to be a witness to this brave coxswain's behavior, of which I fully approve, and for which he deserves reward instead of punishment. Therefore, as soon as possible, I shall see that he be promoted by receiving a midshipman's warrant, which was never more worthily earned or better deserved."

Words could not describe Granger's joy and the mortification of Mr. Marker. Many a cordial shake of the hand did the gratified coxswain receive from his shipmates and chums, young and old, while all hands joined in applauding the conduct of the noble and just-hearted commodore.

FIDDLING FOR TURKEY.—A correspondent writing from Greenville, Miss., tells how he went turkey hunting with a friend. They got off the cars at Anguilla, and Paul Deakins met them. With a pair of stout mules and a heavy wagon loaded with camp duffle they traveled sixteen miles over a rough road, finally camping near Darling Bayou on a high cane ridge.

They took a live wild turkey gobbler that had been trained along with them in a box. The next morning before daybreak the two set out with the turkey which was named Fox.

"We took our way through a most abominable thicket," he continued.

"After passing through the cane we got into briers and tangled vines. In the darkness we floundered over logs and through water, at times waist deep, for four or five miles.

"We tethered Fox to a stake in the open and took our station by the root of the trees at a good shooting distance from him. Wash the teamster, who toted the gobbler for us, was afeard the panther would sure get him and refused to go back anwyn where he would not alarm the game.

"At daybreak Fox gave a mighty gobble, whereupon every bird, owls included, made answer, and among others was a wild gobbler's defiance.

"If a gobbler hears a gobbler he feels that he is obliged to see what the row is about, and that was the death of the gobbler that answered Fox.

"One day Fox was making a lot of racket in the camp. A couple of other hunters heard him, and they spent several hours trying to call what they supposed to be a wild gobbler. They were very sheepish when they learned of their mistake."

The turkey fiddle is an instrument used by those who haven't a live trained wild turkey. It is a cedar box bored out of inch stuff six inches long by two inches wide, with thin sides.

The bow is a piece of slate one inch wide and three inches long. This bow is clasped between the thumb and the forefinger lengthwise, and the furthest edge of the fiddle is drawn toward one across the slats.

Like all other turkey calls, this one is declared to be positively the best make. With such an instrument as this a man went out turkey calling.

Just as it got a little light he began to fiddle turkey songs in a way that it set all the turkeys to clucking in low tones, and the gobblers to yelling defiance, battle cries and other things.

One of the gobblers did not yell very much, but came charging at the man. The man had laid himself down behind a log, thinking that the turkeys would come up before him to be shot.

The gobbler that didn't say much evidently did a lot of thinking, for all of a sudden the man heard a "put! put!" behind him so close that he made a discord like a wildcat's shriek.

Before he could get his gun the gobbler was behind a three foot tree, and scooting for dear life. All the fiddling the man did after that failed to fetch a feather.

A LAZY, TRICKY HORSE.—Some horses are as lazy as some men, and perhaps it would be equally true to say that some horses are as cunning as some men; but not many ever combine the two qualities of laziness and cunning better than one whose performances are chronicled by Lady Baker. He was one of her horse friends in New Zealand, christened Artful Dodger.

This name was given to him on account of the trick of counterfeiting lameness the moment he was put into the shafts of a dray. That is to say, if the dray was loaded; so long as it was empty, or nearly so, the Dodger stepped out gayly; but if he found it at all heavy he affected to fall dead lame.

More than once, with a new driver, this trick had succeeded to perfection, and the Dodger found himself back again in his stall, with a rack of hay before him, while his deluded owner or driver was trying to find a substitute in the shafts.

In order to induce the Dodger to act his part thoroughly, a drayman was one day appointed whom the horse had never seen. The moment the signal was given to start the Dodger, after a glance around, which plainly said:—

"I wonder if I might try it on you?"

He took a step forward and almost fell down, so desperate was his lameness.

The driver, who was well instructed in his part, ran around and lifted up one sturdy leg after the other, with every appearance of the deepest concern. Thus encouraged, the Dodger uttered a groan, but still seemed determined to do his best, and limped and stumbled a yard or two further on.

It seemed impossible to believe the horse to be quite sound; but the moment had come to unmask him. His master stepped forward, and, pulling first one cunning ear, on the alert for every word, and then the other, cried:

"It won't do, sir! Step out directly, and don't let us have any nonsense!"

The Dodger groaned again—this time from his heart, probably—shook himself, and, leaning well forward in his big collar, stepped out without a murmur.

BRICKS AND GLASS.—Glass bricks, intended to be used in constructing the walls of greenhouses and winter gardens, are a recent invention. They are made out of blown glass, and closed under five hundred degrees of heat. The bricks possess internally a hollow of about one-third of their centre contents, which, being filled with rarefied air, acts as a non-conductor of heat. They are joined together with cement, by which a rigidity is obtained that points to the possibility of their being employed as roofing in semicircular form, without the use of iron as a supporting structure. In houses which are thus built there must be many advantages not obtainable by other modes of construction, including greater economy in heating.

At Home and Abroad.

Many churches in Chicago are making arrangements to check bicycles so that cyclists may attend services on Sunday and feel sure that their wheels are safe. "The idea is not new," says Rev. Joseph Rushton, secretary to Bishop McLaren (Episcopal), "but it should be popular. The bicycle is a good send in the rural districts—it brings the people to church. I can see no objection to coming to prayers on a wheel, any more than coming in a carriage. Of course, the machines should be cared for, if the rector has to have an assistant to do the checking."

A man in Lewistown, Me., tells this story of a burglar's visit. The thief entered the man's house through the cellar and filled a bran sack, which he brought with him, with silver. The next morning, when the theft was discovered, the trail was followed to the cellar, where the silver was all found in the bran sack, and it was also found that an old meal bag, which had been filled with tin cans, etc., preparatory to being carried off to a dumping place, was gone. The robber had probably taken up the wrong bag.

A girl who can see the Rontgen rays has been found by Dr. Brandes, of Halle, who discovered her. Starting from the fact that the rays do not penetrate bones, he hunted for some one the lens of whose eyes had been removed, an operation performed not rarely for extreme short sightedness, or for cataract. The girl, who had had the lens of her left eye removed, was able to see the light with it, though her right eye, which retained its lens, could see nothing. Dr. Brandes asserts that the rays affect the retina of the eye, and if anyone's head is enclosed in an opaque vessel near the source of the rays the light can be seen even with closed eyes.

Gloucester, in England, sixteen miles from Berkeley, where Jenner made his discovery of vaccination, has been visited with an epidemic of small-pox. The "antis" in the place have for years been vociferous in their opposition to vaccination, but when the outbreak of the disease began to assume alarming proportions, almost every one of them hastened to get vaccinated. Some of these had the honesty to confess that they had been in error, but the majority said nothing at all, being vaccinated quietly, some even going to towns at a distance from Gloucester, in the hope that the fact of their apostacy from the holy cause of the "antis" might escape publicity.

They manage some things very well in France. Anybody who doubts the genuineness of an article of food that he has purchased from a Parisian tradesman, may take it to the municipal laboratory for analysis. It will cost him nothing to have it analyzed and the fact determined whether it is unadulterated or adulterated, and, if the latter, the law deals with the offender without further action on the part of the purchaser. The shopkeeper is liable to be heavily fined, imprisoned, deprived of the few civil rights he is supposed to be otherwise entitled to, and has to display conspicuously in his shop window or on his door for a year, a large placard bearing the words, "Convicted of Adulteration."

A novel case has been reported from Burlington, N. J., where an individual arraigned before a magistrate for inebriety was sentenced to attend thirty temperance meetings, under penalty of being sent to jail: and the culprit was converted so thoroughly at the first meeting that he is said to be looking forward eagerly for the remaining twenty nine. The precise value of the Burlington code either in this or in other cases remains, of course, to be ascertained, but in at least one view it cert[illegible] a great value over [illegible] New Jersey [illegible] in which [illegible] and [illegible] are [illegible] the most [illegible] for the repression of intemperance, the fact makes a strong argument for those who contend that the best of weapons with which to fight this evil is, after all, moral suasion.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

[illegible] there are [illegible] they [illegible] the [illegible] way to cure Deafness, and that is by [illegible] constitutional remedies. Deafness is [illegible] by an inflamed condition of the mucous [illegible] of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube [illegible] you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Our Young Folks.

OVER THE BASKET EDGE.

BY E. M.

"NOW, be good children," said Mother Tabby. "Mind you don't get into mischief before I come back."

She was starting for a mouse-hunt in the barn. It was the first time she had left her children for so long at once, and she was rather nervous about what they would do when they were left to themselves.

"Spot, you are the youngest; be sure you do just what Toby tells you."

"Shan't," muttered Spot, under her breath; but Mother Tabby was gone, and did not hear her. The kittens—there were three of them, Toby, Topsy, and Spot—curled themselves up obediently and went to sleep.

Toby was a tabby, Topsy was black with a white chest, and Spot was a tortoise-shell. When they woke, Mother Tabby had not come back, and the sun was shining in at the kitchen window. Outside, birds were singing, and butterflies flying about, and they felt they could not stop in the basket another moment.

"I'm going to get out," said Toby with a yawn.

"You can't," said Toby, as she stretched herself.

"Yes, I can," said Toby decidedly; "I'm a boy and I'm going to get out."

So he carefully scrambled up the side of the basket, balanced himself a moment on the edge, and landed on the floor with a thump.

Then he sat still for a little while and winked. When he had got his wits together—

"It isn't half bad," he said.

"Oh! wait for me," cried Topsy; and she scrambled up in such a hurry that she came down thump too; but as she landed on Toby's back it did not matter much.

"I'm coming too," said Spot.

"No, Spot; you had better stay where you are," said Toby, with an elder-brotherly air; "you aren't big enough to come with us."

But Spot took no notice. If she was the youngest, she was the most wilful of the three; so before the others were half way across the kitchen she too had landed on the floor.

Then they trotted to the door, and Spot tried to catch a sunbeam on the way, but could not manage it.

Happily for them it was a lovely spring day, and all the doors were open. When they reached the door-step, Topsy caught sight of the big watch-dog, and drew back.

"I'm not going that way," she said timidly.

"Nonsense," returned Toby, "that's only Nero. I've heard mother say he is a great friend of hers. I'm not afraid."

Spot had quietly finished the milk that was left in her mother's saucer, and now sat beside them.

"I'm going this way," said Topsy, prancing off towards another door that stood ajar. When she got inside she looked round in astonishment.

It wasn't a bit like the kitchen. There were toys and books lying about, but Topsy did not know what they were, and was half afraid of them.

But she thought she smelt something nice, and poked into every nook and corner, drawing back timidly now and then, she slowly traveled round the room.

At last she came to a curious little house, and finding the window open, stepped carefully inside.

To her surprise, she found herself in a tiny room, very like the kitchen she had just left. There was a dresser and a fire place, a square table, and four wooden chairs.

But best of all, the dinner was on the table. Four tiny loaves, four tiny rice puddings, and on the dresser four tiny cakes with sugar on the top.

It is true there were four persons sitting round the table, supposed to be dining, but Topsy did not trouble herself about them.

She set to work and finished up the loaves, the puddings, and the cakes, being very careful not to knock anything down. Then as there seemed to be nothing more to eat, she lay down and went to sleep.

After a while, she was roused by the sound of little voices and the rush of little feet. She got up and looked out of the window (which she nearly filled), feeling rather scared.

There was a clapping of hands and a shout—

"Oh! come quickly! Look! there's a giant in the doll's house!"

Then the big door was gently opened, and another voice said in tones of dismay—

"And the giant has eaten up all the dinner and all the tea too."

Then there was a chorus of delighted laughter, and Topsy was taken up in the children's arms, and hugged and petted and scolded, and called a "naughty darling," and many other curious names.

At last, the children carried her back to her basket, and, tired out with her adventures, she slept until Toby came home.

When Topsy left them, Spot sat watching the sparrows on the roof, and although she had never tasted one she gave a strange mew, because she was unable to reach them. Toby heard her.

"Don't try to catch them," he said gravely. "You can't get up there yet, and you will only hurt yourself if you try."

Spot sat demurely on the doorstep and said nothing, and Toby trotted off into the yard.

In spite of his brave words his heart beat very fast when he saw Nero lying in front of his kennel. The great dog got up and walked slowly towards him, wagging his big, bushy tail.

Toby crept behind a potato-basket until he had gone away. Then he slipped slily round a corner and began to enjoy himself.

He saw a number of small, yellow, fluffy things running about, smaller than himself, and he thought he would like to play with them. So he ran up to the nearest one and gave it a little pat with his paw. The thing rolled over, making such a funny noise.

"I like this," thought Toby; "it is fine fun."

So he went on knocking over the chickens one after another, until suddenly he heard a great clucking sound, and turning round he saw the mother hen, with her beak open and all her feathers up rushing furiously at him. This was too much for Toby's courage and he fled.

It was not until he got right to the other end of the farmyard that he stopped to breathe. Then, finding himself quite safe, he gradually gathered up his courage and began to inquire into things. There were a great many strange things, and Toby explored until he was quite tired out.

Then finding a nice box with a sack over it on which he could rest, he went to sleep in the sun, and knew nothing more until something woke him up in a fright. He could not tell at first what was the matter, for the sunshine dazzled him.

But when he could see properly, he found himself on an island, in the midst of a "wild waste of waters."

Two mischievous boys coming by had seen him, and for a lark had set the box afloating on the duck pond.

Toby was terribly frightened. He crouched down, holding on as well as he could, and mewing piteously.

His boat rocked in a most alarming fashion; the ducks were splashing about in all directions, and land was an immense way off.

He mewed louder and louder, until his cries reached Nero, who was looking after things in general a little way off.

"Dear me!" said Nero as he gave himself a shake, "there's somebody else in trouble now—I suppose I've got to go and see about it."

So he marched in his stately way down to the pond, and saw poor Toby afloat. His strange craft was rocking terribly, it must be confessed, and yet Nero was puzzled.

"Why don't you jump off and swim to land? Bow-wow!" he said.

"Mew—I can't swim, and I do so hate getting wet. Mew—w," cried Toby miserably.

Nero stood looking on thoughtfully for a few minutes, then, being an honest, good natured dog, he made up his mind what to do.

He gave himself another shake, and stepping gently into the water, which was quite shallow, he went up to the terrified kitten and opened his big mouth.

Toby gave himself up for lost, and with one final, despairing cry, prepared for the worst. But what was his amazement to find himself picked up in the same big mouth, very gently, and carried safely to land.

Toby was too frightened to remember his manners, and without saying "Thank you," rushed off home; never stopping until he was curled up beside Topsy in the basket by the kitchen fire.

When mother Tabby came home she had two long and exciting stories to hear. But she cut them rather short, saying uneasily

"Where is Spot?"

Toby told her, the last time he saw her she was sitting on the doorstep watching the birds.

"Dear, dear!" said Mother Tabby, "I must go and look for her." And off she went.

It was some time before she came back, and when she did it was with such a grave, sad face, that Toby and Topsy were afraid to ask her any questions.

"My dears, your sister will never come back any more," she said, and that was all she could tell them.

Spot had tried in vain to reach those dear little birds on the roof of the barn. When she found it was useless she got cross, and said spitefully—

"I will have one somehow." She crept under the gate, and made for a wood at a little distance.

As she was going, a shot was fired, and a bird fell just in front of her. Spot bounded forward, thinking, "Now I've got it;" but before she could take hold of it, she heard a number of short, sharp barks. Looking up, she spied a black-and-white terrier, who was out with his master.

Taking Spot for a rat, he rushed after her. Spot made for the farm yard as hard as she could go, and creeping through the gate thought herself safe.

But the terrier knew more ways than one of getting into the farm-yard, and before she could get her breath he was upon her again.

This was how it happened that Mother Tabby, coming out to look for her child, found only a poor little corpse, lying in the yard.

PETS OF RICH PEOPLE.—The ordinary person can form no idea of the amazing extent to which the domestic pets of the wealthy folk are pampered.

A certain elderly titled lady had a pet squirrel to which she was devotedly attached, and when the little animal fell ill, the services of the veterinary surgeon was requisitioned once or twice every day; his help, however, was in vain, for the squirrel eventually died, and nothing would satisfy its sorrowful mistress but a post mortem examination.

This was duly held by the veterinary, the lady herself being present during the operation, and watched the proceedings with the keenest interest and sympathy—much to the annoyance of the operator.

The funeral of this squirrel was of a most elaborate kind. A handsome rosewood coffin was made, lined with white quilted satin, and with a glass panel in the lid. What is still more extraordinary, a goodly supply of nuts and other delicacies was also placed in this ornate coffin.

Altogether, the decease of the squirrel entailed an expenditure of about $75, including, of course, the veterinary surgeon's fee for performing the post-mortem.

On another occasion the veterinary doctor was rung up at an unearthly hour one bitter night—or rather, morning—in January, his visitor being a well known Wall street banker, who was extraordinarily fond of his wife's dog, an animal of no particular breed.

On the morning referred to the anxious banker stood at the veterinary surgeon's door, half dressed, and implored the doctor to go with him and see what was the matter with the dog.

There were no cabs to be had, so the two trudged off through the blinding sleet to the residence of the banker. On his arrival the doctor at once saw that there was nothing the matter with the dog, which, by the way, lay wrapped on a silken quilt on its mistress' bed, the lady herself attending it with the utmost anxiety.

The dog was suffering from over-feeding, and it is an extraordinary fact that its daily fare consisted of roast quails, sweetbreads and the like, prepared by an eminent chef, and served on silver.

A wealthy maiden lady of this city had a little dog upon which she lavished the most extraordinary affection.

This little animal, too, had a most extraordinary dietary, and, of course, it fell ill whereupon the doctor was at once sent for.

The spaniel's mistress had actually ordered a quantity of some very fine old port for her ailing favorite, and she implored the doctor to taste and sample a glass from each bottle, in order to decide which would be the best for the suffering pet.

EVERY heart knows its own bitterness. Our real troubles are often a secret; our deepest afflictions cannot be told. Perhaps it is a feeling of this kind that makes deep grief seek solitude. Ostentatious grief is never deep, seldom sincere.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

In Jerusalem there are 135 places where liquors are sold.

In Brazil there are said to be 300 languages and dialects spoken by the Indians.

According to recent experiments a single hair can carry a weight of more than six ounces.

The first clocks manufactured in this country were by Eli Terry, at Plymouth, Conn., in 1793.

Tobacco seeds are so minute that a thimbleful will furnish enough plants for an acre of ground.

The first church building erected especially for that purpose in Boston and used for no other was put up in 1632.

The wedding ring is worn on the left hand, because the right hand is symbolic of authority and the left of obedience.

The average European woman's life is shorter than the man's, but over two-thirds of the centenarians are women.

In some portions of Upper Egypt rain is absolutely unknown, and in Lower Egypt there is occasionally no rain for years.

The eyelashes are placed in front of eyes to protect those delicate organs from the light and from the entrance of foreign objects.

Lifts were used 2000 years ago in the Coliseum at Rome to bring to the arena the wild beasts from their underground dens.

It is unlawful in France for any person to give solid food to infants that are under one year old, unless on the prescription of a physician.

The first spelling book printed in this country was entitled "The American Spelling Book," by Noah Webster. It was issued in 1783.

It [illegible] the [illegible] spoken [illegible] by the Indians of Central America probably [illegible] Sanskrit and Hebrew.

Copper wires are used for Mexican telegraph lines, so that they can bear the weight of the birds and monkeys which crowd on them at night.

There is a shrub in Spain called the toothpick bishop weed, because the rays of the main umbel form thorny toothpicks when dried. A specimen in Kew Gardens has 51,000 rays.

The Atlas moth, a gigantic fur coated, night-flying insect of Central Brazil, is said to be the largest winged "bug" in the world. He measures fourteen inches from tip to tip.

Prisoners in the Bangor, Me., jail are to be supplied with potted plants to care for in their cells. It is believed that the care of plants will have an elevating and reforming influence.

Stockholm, the citadel of the Gothenburg system, is said to have the largest death roll from alcoholism of any city in the world. Ninety per thousand die from excessive use of intoxicants.

William L. Clough, a business man of Springfield, Mass., received a bottle of wine from an unknown source. It was turned over to a chemist, who found it heavily charged with strychnine.

In eighty years the Dukes of Bedford have spent $8,000,000 in improving one estate in Cambridgeshire, from which they draw $6 an acre rent. The land yields thirty-six bushels of wheat to the acre.

The Chicago Post office, which cost the Government more than $1,000,000, has been sold for $15,000. And the Government was lucky to get it off its hands before it tumbled down and killed somebody.

Many spirituous drinks are made from the banana. Banana wine is obtained by pressing the fruit through a sieve, after which it is made into cakes, dried in the sun, and dissolved in water when wanted for use.

It is said that a large well known bank has an invisible camera in a gallery behind the cashiers' desks, so that at a signal from one of them any suspected customer can instantly have his photograph taken without his knowledge.

A queer accident happened near Walsall, in England, lately, where a canal fell into a coal pit. The canal flowed over the pit, the underground supports of which gave way, letting down the ground above, draining the canal of water, and putting a stop to all traffic.

Another learned man has been studying the "language" of insects. He says he has discovered satisfactory evidence of telepathy among them. Telepathy is described as a sixth sense, by which the insects are able to communicate ideas to one another at a great distance.

A HEART AT REST.

BY L. M. S.

Oh! is there one in all the world,
In whom my heart may rest,
And nestle warmly to his side,
As a birdling in its nest?

I've trod Life's dreary path alone,
For O, so many years,
My faltering feet, so weary are,
My eyes, so full of tears.

For what is woman's life at best,
If not some good man's pride?
In whom her heart can safely trust,
All sorrow thus defied!

ABOUT A WEED.

The first account of tobacco was published in 1496, by a Spanish monk, Romanus Pane, who had accompanied Columbus to America; but it does not seem that Europeans smoked it until 1534. It is, however, a question whether it did not find its way into Europe, like everything else, from the East rather than from the West, for we find in Ulloa's Voyage to America:

"It is not probable that the Europeans learnt the use of tobacco from America; for, as it is very ancient in the Eastern countries, it is natural to suppose that the knowledge of it came to Europe from those regions by means of the intercourse carried on with them by the commercial States of the Mediterranean Sea. Nowhere, not even in those parts of America where the tobacco plant grows wild, is the use of it, and that only for smoking, either general or very frequent."

Some seed of the plant was sent from Portugal to Paris by Jean Nicot, then French envoy to Queen Catherine del Medici in 1559; hence the name Nicotine. Its importation into England is ascribed to Sir Francis Drake, about 1560; and the practice of smoking it to Sir Walter Raleigh, some twenty-four years later, when it was a luxury that could only be indulged in by the most wealthy. John Aubrey says that it was sold for its weight in silver, and that men preserved their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco.

Scientists are much exercised nowadays as to whether smoking is injurious, for, except in rare cases, it cannot be either necessary or beneficial; and even then it must be indulged in with caution.

A Major Chalmers died recently at Southampton under remarkable circumstances. For some years he was afflicted asthmatically, and sought relief in smoking tobacco steeped in turpentine. One day on applying a match an explosion occurred. His beard was burnt off, and serious injuries in the region of the chest sustained, with a fatal result.

Since we are told that the enormous sum of fourteen million pounds is puffed away each year in tobacco smoke, the question of its influence for good or ill on the world's health is of considerable importance. On one point there appears to be little doubt—namely, that Nicotine is fatal to a large number of the microbes that cause some of our most serious sicknesses.

Sucking or drinking tobacco were the terms applied to smoking on the first introduction of the plant in England. The native of India to this day says, "Tamaku pita hai" (He is drinking tobacco), which forms another link in the chain of argument that the weed came to us from the East, and not from the West.

The earliest pipes were nothing but long leaves rolled up into the shape of a funnel, still much in use among the natives of Hindustan. Those employed at first by Sir Walter Raleigh and other young men of fashion were exceedingly rude and simple, consisting of half a walnut-shell with a straw inserted.

The first clay pipes were made in England about 1585, copied from those used by the natives of Virginia; while to a Hungarian shoemaker, named Kaval Kowates, is accredited the manufacture of the first meerschaum pipe, in 1723, which has been preserved in the Museum at Pesth.

Like all innovations, the introduction of tobacco met at first with much opposition, King James I. being one of its principal enemies; and throughout Europe, severe penalties and punishments were inflicted on those who ventured to indulge in the blowing of it; and in 1624, Pope Urban VIII. issued a decree of excommunication against any person found taking snuff in church. However, its charms have proved too strong for all its opponents.

The plant has afforded abundant food for legislation here and England, and its adulteration must have been rampant during the reigns of the Georges to call for the stringent laws that were enacted, one example of which will suffice:

"If any person shall mix any fustic, or other wood, or any leaves, herbs, or plant, (other than tobacco), or any earth, clays or tobacco-sand, with any snuff-work or snuff; or shall color the same with any sort of coloring (water tinged with color only excepted), he shall forfeit two hundred pounds. And if any manufacturer or dealer in snuff shall sell, or expose for sale, or have in his entered premises, any fustic, yellow ebony, touchwood, logwood, red or Guinea-wood, Braziletto or Jamaica-wood, Nicaragua-wood, or Saunderswood; or any walnut tree, hop, or sycamore leaves; or shall have in his possession any of the aforesaid articles; or any other wood, leaves, herbs, plants, earth, clay, or tobacco-sand, mixed with any snuff-work or snuff, he shall forfeit fifty pounds, and the same shall be forfeited, and may be seized."

At least once in history the "devil's weed," as a certain king called it, played an important part in a political movement. When the revolution of 1848 came on, the Austrian government enjoyed a monopoly of the manufacture and sale of tobacco in those parts of Italy under its control.

The Liberals, resenting the tyranny of the Austrians, and disliking to see so large a revenue pouring into the Austrian treasury from the sale of cigars and tobacco, left off smoking—a patriotic method of resenting the Austrian domination.

The Austrian Government thereupon supplied its troops with cigars, and the men of the garrisons went about the streets of Italian towns puffing smoke into the faces of the non-smoking Italians.

The insult was warmly resented. The Milanese rose in rebellion, and expelled the Austrians; Venice did the same; and thus was the revolution begun, which ended in the loss to Austria of all the Italian possessions.

Grains of Gold.

It is folly to expect God to forgive us while we are hating others.

Most of us spend a considerable portion of our lives wondering why we did things we considered smart.

We spend the second half of life in mowing down in our hearts all that we grew there in the first half; and this we call acquiring experience.

When one is low enough to insult you, be too high for him to reach.

Friendship, like phosphorus, gives light in the dark.

Many troubles are like dogs. Run from them and they will follow you. Turn against them, and they will fly.

Educating your children is investing at a high rate of dividend. Lay up in them, and they will lay up for themselves.

Adversity shows a true man, as the night brings out the stars obscured while the sun is shining.

Poverty is an icy wind, and the higher the situation of the impoverished, the colder it blows.

Doing good will pay better in the end than digging gold.

Whenever you make a mistake make it teach you something.

Some people are never contented unless in controversy. Like the stormy petrel, they are ever flying in search of a tempest.

Beware of a man that does not talk.

Pitch upon that course of life which is the most excellent, and the habit will render it the more delightful.

No reproof or denunciation is so potent as the silent influence of a good example.

Believing right has everything to do with feeling right.

Be careful where you step, and the man who follows you will not stumble so much.

If we knew what our enemies have suffered, our enmity would die a sudden death.

Femininities.

Greens contrast with colors containing red and harmonize with colors containing yellow.

Man is ever selfish. He always begs a woman to marry him and make him happy, and never thinks how unhappy such a course might make the woman.

"Fact is," said Brown, "I married because I was lonely, as much as for any other reason. To put it tersely, I married for sympathy." "Well," said Green, "you have mine."

The Arabs have a superstition that the stork has a human heart. When one of these birds builds its nest on a housetop they believe the happiness of that household is insured for a year.

"I can't stand this tailor of mine much longer," declared young Sypher; "he charges so." The morose man uttered an audible sniff. "What difference does it make," he growled, "so long as he charges it?"

"Your husband has been ill," said the caller. "Yes," replied the little, worried-looking woman. "He has been feeling very badly. I do my best to please him, but nothing seems to satisfy him." "Is his condition critical?" "It's worse than critical," she answered, with a sigh—"it's abusive."

A Paris advertising agent, who recently painted the front of his establishment a brilliant red, has been sued for damages by a milliner, a jeweller and a silk merchant, having shops opposite, on the ground that the reflection of color makes it impossible for their customers to distinguish the colors of the goods they wish to buy.

An amusing story is told of how the late Shah fell asleep when he should have been the chief guest at a reception. In Persia they believe that an awakened person suffers grievous injury. What was to be done? A band was despatched to the Shah's resting place with special instructions to the big drum. The result was successful.

Tenant: I don't think you ought to charge me $25 a month rent for this house. When it rains the water runs into the rooms; the roof leaks so badly. Landlord: What! Is there running water on the premises? You will have to pay $5 a month extra for that. I wonder how long you have been enjoying water privileges at my expense.

It is said that the young Queen of Holland has already given promise of remarkable ability as a painter. Her principal models are her own guards, and almost every morning, dressed in a simple little frock of the green tint which so well suits her bright complexion and fair hair, she seats herself at one of the palace windows, where she has an uninterrupted view of the sentries on guard.

Bernard Krammer is under arrest at Alpena, Mich., charged with maintaining a lottery in disposing of custom-made suits. He gets a club of sixty persons, each to deposit $1 a week. The first two whose names are drawn out get their suits for $1, the two who draw out the next week pay but $2 and so on. The unfortunate ones who are not lucky enough to have their numbers come out until the end put up $30 for their suits.

A nice young girl at Green Bay, Wisconsin, was being courted by a nice young man. He was generously inclined, and made her presents of hair oil, which he purchased from the store of the father of his adored. After giving her some twenty bottles of the oleaginous fluid, he discovered he was working in a circle—as fast as he presented them she returned them to the store, thus dutifully making trade for her father.

The Queen's principal meal is always luncheon, which is at two. The nine o'clock dinner is really a carefully-chosen light supper for Her Majesty, who, however, enjoys the brightness of a dinner-party each evening, while really, so far as food is concerned, consuming very little, and that of the plainest. Tea is, for the Queen, usually a much-enjoyed meal, Her Majesty liking hot bread and cakes, and being a most capable judge of the brewing and quality of the tea.

The Merry-go-rounds is the appropriate name taken by a woman's club of Palmyra, Me., the members of which meet weekly at the homes of the different members, in turn, and spend several hours helping the hostess patch the boys' trousers, mend wrecked stockings and take other needed stitches as the needs of the household require, finishing up, after supper, with a social and literary entertainment to which the husbands are invited.

Masculinities.

The world fights shy after a time of the man who is always ready with an excuse.

She: This road is very steep. Can't I get a donkey to take me up? He: Lean on me, my darling!

He, reading: And so they were married. That is the way all love matches end. She: Yes, they don't burn long.

In Austria, if a sprig of mistletoe be placed on a bed-room door, it is believed that the inmates will have sweet sleep and no nightmare.

"Why did the butcher put up that large mirror near the door?" "To prevent the servant girls from watching the scales."

The mother: How do you know that he has ceased to love you? Marriageable daughter: He buttons my gloves twice as fast as he used to.

Unmarried lady: It must be a great thing when husband and wife are of the same mind. Married lady: That depends on whose mind it is.

During the absence for three months of the Rev. Mr. Cochrane, of the Unitarian Church, at Bar Harbor, Me., his wife will attend to all his ministerial duties.

A Putnam, Conn., sportsman was fooled into firing several shots at a wooden decoy duck, which mischievous friends moved around in a pond by threads from the shore.

The State of Indiana furnished a great many tall men for the army. Out of 118,524 men, whose descriptions were taken at the time of enlistment, 11,392 were six feet in height.

"Does your sister Annie ever say anything about me?" asked an anxious lover. "Yes," replied the little girl; "she said if you had rockers on your shoes they would make nice cradles."

A New Canaan, Conn., woman, to whom her husband made over his house during recent business troubles, has now driven him from the house, and will only allow him $5 a week to spend.

An old philosopher says that he has often seen a man pleased at being thought to be in advance of his age; but he never heard of a woman who was pleased at being supposed to be in advance of her age.

There is one Christian minister for every 900 of the population in Great Britain; one in every 174,000 in Japan, one in 165,080 in India, one in 222,000 in Africa, and one in 437,000 in the Chinese Empire.

The knife of the guillotine is weighted with 120 pounds of lead, and requires just three quarters of a second to fall from a height of nine feet. It cuts through flesh and bone as easily as it would cut cheese.

A South Brewer, Me., milkman, who was working in the field behind his house a few days ago, crawled inside an empty barrel to escape a shower, and couldn't get out again until his wife came to his aid and cut the hoops.

Bixby, very near-sighted: Who's that dumpy fright coming up the road on the wheel? Stinchcomb: That's my wife, Bixby: I don't mean that one. I mean the grand guy with the bologna bloomers. Stinchcomb: That's your wife.

Young Fresh has called on Miss X. and been entertained with conversation and music till he is as dry as a grilled bone. Miss X., at the piano: Would you like a little Beethoven, Mr Fresh? Young Fresh, eagerly: Just a few drops, please!

"That boy of yours, madam," said the polite ticket collector, as he snipped the half-fare ticket, "looks remarkably well developed for a child under twelve." "Thank you," replied the lady calmly. "Its very gratifying to me to find any one noticing Tommy's remarkable precocity."

Customer: I say, Mr. Barber, I don't hear your scissors at work on my hair. Barber: There is very little hair on your head. Customer: That makes no difference. I pay my money, and I want you to rattle the scissors on the bald place just the same as if it had hair on it.

"Only one thing in the world, my boys," said the man of sixty. "True," said the man of forty. "True," echoed the man of twenty. "And that is rest," said the man of sixty, softly. "It is success," said the man of forty, grimly. "Oh, no!" said the man of twenty, eagerly, "It is love—it is love!"

Bicycle snatching is a new form of crime developed in Paris. A lady was riding some distance ahead of her husband near the Port Maillot recently, when two men stopped her, pulled her off her bicycle, and were making off with the machine, when her husband caught up with them and had them arrested.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Pink is the prevailing color in much of the summer millinery, and pink straw hats, pink roses, and pink tulle abound. Another popular color is green, in all the divers shades imaginable, and pale lime green straw trimmed with blue or purple is one of the picturesque effects commonly seen this season.

White buckskin shoes are the popular thing with white gowns, and pipeclay used as a polish will keep them in their pristine freshness.

The silk gown will not be such a coveted article of dress, because of the price, if the new artificial silk made from wood proves a success. It is now being developed in Switzerland, and is so nearly like the product of the silkworm that it is difficult to distinguish the difference.

White muslin neckties tucked in points at the end and trimmed with Valenciennes lace are among the French novelties, and black and plaid neckties are also much worn by the Parisians. It is in all the little accessories of dress that French women especially excel, and the balayeuse in their skirts, their veils, gloves, and neck frills and how they are put on, are all of special importance to them, which is more than half the secret of their success in dress.

Inch-wide white satin ribbon, bordered on either edge with narrow ecru guipure, is a pretty trimming for a grass lawn gown. It is set in rows around the skirt and stripes the waist from neck to belt, while the sleeves, which should be tight fitting, are also trimmed from the shoulder to the wrist with these bands, and a short puff draped up in the middle finishes the top.

The coat and skirt gown of butchers' blue linen, faced on the edge with butter colored batiste caught with crosswise lines of tiny gold buttons set in at intervals, is a charming summer dress. The coat with an Eton front and a basque frill in the back is pretty for this worn with a white tulle vest and a gold belt.

The fashionable bathing suit of '96 is a thing of beauty, whatever may be said of its useful and durable qualities. The old-time regulation costume of blue flannel, made by the hundred all just alike, without decoration, very little shape and no style, has no place among the up-to-date novelties of the season. Embroideries, silks and ribbons enter into their construction without any regard for the destructive properties of the salt water, and white pique collars, all ruffled with fine embroidery, come up from the bath looking as shapely and almost as pretty as when they went in. After all, the bathing suit is a conspicuous costume, since one of the amusements in Summer is to watch the bathers and comment on their appearance, and, of course, it should have style, individuality and some evidence of taste.

Mohair is one of the popular materials this season, with the ever-useful serge and the plain and spotted flannels, but cravenette, a fine waterproof material; Persian lainage, surah and China silk in various colors are all in use for this purpose. Bloomers of black surah are worn with white flannel costumes, and with black stockings and a black surah necktie. This is a very desirable suit. The prevailing style of waist is the blouse, made with belt, and either a yoke or a broad collar. Yokes of Persian embroidery are very pretty for the white flannel dress, with a band of the same trimming around the skirt. Sleeves are made with the short puff, and any little detail of fashion in dress gowns which can be utilized in these simple dresses is employed with good effect, and the revived bolero jacket is already adopted.

Broad collars are the usual supplement to the blouse waist, and these are often made of some contrasting color and material. Skirts are cut circular, straight or slighly gored and gathered or plaited in box plaits around the waist. Pale green cravenette, trimmed with white, was one of the prettiest bathing suits last season, and pale blue, with embroidered yoke of white, is one of the daintiest costumes on the list. Dark blue serge trimmed with ecru lace is also very effective, with a white serge vest and sash. Leather belts are worn sometimes, but they do not seem very practical, and add nothing to the beauty of a costume.

The bloomers, which are always a part of every well-made suit, are usually of the same material as the skirt.

Very pretty is a frock of blue and white cross-striped challis, with a straight skirt gathered to a full waist, made square necked and worn over a puffed white nainsook guimpe. Pointed revers, edged with blue silk, turn over the front, back and sides of the square neck. The collar and belt, with the jaunty little bow at the left side of the front, are of blue ribbon. The sleeve puffs to the elbow and then fits closely to the wrist.

A white pique dress for a child three years old has a straight skirt about twenty inches long and a yard and five-eighths wide. It is made to be worn with or without a guimpe, being gathered on a short yoke, falling over the edge of which is a deeply-pointed collar of the pique, edged with a frill of embroidery, headed by a narrow insertion. The sleeves are short puffs, terminating above the elbow.

A good style for a child's plaid gingham frock has a straight skirt from two and a-half to three yards wide. A yoke-bodice, gathered very full at the yoke and waist, has half long sleeves, finished with a frill of white embroidery, and a white linen collar edged with embroidery.

A light blue figured mohair dress for a girl 14 years old has a gored skirt four and a-half yards wide, and is in five breadths. The narrow front, wide side and two back breadths. The bodice is shirred at the neck, front and back, with the fullness drawn down to the waist, under a wide girdle of blue shot taffeta, which is tucked perpendicularly, so that the tucks stand out. Shoulder frills of the mohair are lined with the silk. The collarb and is of plaited silk. The sleeves are cut leg-of-mutton shape, and have musketeer cuffs of the shot taffeta. The skirt is sewed to the bodice, and the girdle is tacked on along the belt line.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

To prevent lamp chimneys from breaking, place the chimney in a kettle of cold water and set over a fire; let it boil for half an hour, remove the kettle from the fire, and when the water is cool, remove the chimney. Placing a hairpin on the top of a chimney, will, it is said, prevent it from breaking.

Spoons should not be placed in a spoon-holder as the custom used to be, but should lie at each plate in sufficiently large number to carry on the meal. Celery, olives or radishes should be placed in flat dishes. There should be as few tall dishes as possible on the table, because of the way in which they interfere with the view of the members of the family across the table.

Blood stains should be treated with cold water. Sometimes a paste of flour and water will remove small spots and make further treatment needless. Scrape the paste off when dry.

For scorched places, wet with water and lay them in the sun.

All fruit stains and grass stains will disappear as if by magic if they are treated to a bath of boiling water before being wet with anything else. Boiling in this sentence means that and nothing else.

When wine is spilled on table linen sprinkle salt over it thickly before it is dry, if possible. Vaseline or machine oil should be washed with soap and cold water first.

'Tis said that stains may be removed from mahogany, rosewood, or walnut by touching the spots with a feather wet in diluted nitre.

Clean gilt frames with rain water in which flowers of sulphur have been stirred.

A large rug of linen crash placed under the sewing machine will catch threads, clippings, and cuttings, and save a deal of sweeping and dusting.

New shoes can be worn with as much ease as old ones if they are stuffed to the shape of the foot with cloth or paper, and patiently sponged with hot water. Or if they pinch in some particular spot, a cloth wet with hot water and laid across the place will cause immediate and lasting relief.

A sponge large enough to expand and fill the chimney, after having been squeezed in, tied to a slender stick, is the best thing with which to clean a lamp chimney.

Don't set a broom down when through with it. Burn a hole in the handle and hang it up.

Don't let it get dirty. Cleanse often by putting in a pail of lukewarm soapsuds, or hold under a faucet.

Don't use a broom straw to test a cake. It is not neat and is very dangerous, as many brooms are soaked in an arsenic solution to give them their green color.

Don't sweep with your neck. Use your arms and the broom, with not too long a stroke.

Don't put salt on the floor when about to sweep. Dampen a newspaper, tear in pieces and throw on the carpet.

Many housekeepers decline to have cabbage cooked in their kitchens because of the disagreeable odor with which the vegetable fills the house. If the servant would but obey the following directions, this objection would be reduced to a minimum. In the first place, the saucepan should be the largest the menage affords, and must contain enough water to entirely cover the cabbage. This saucepan must be placed on the hottest part of the range, and the water be at a galloping boil before the cabbage is put in, and must be kept at a boil until the vegetable is done. Last of all, the lid must not be put on the saucepan during the whole process of cooking.

A woman with a small family, which is always supplied with delicious food, manages in this way when buying beefsteak for two: Instead of a thin cut, she buys a heavy steak with a tenderloin in it, the entire steak weighing from three to three and a half pounds. The tenderloin is broiled and used for one day's dinner. It is occasionally enriched by a mushroom or some other sauce. The ends that are tough, the bones and the rest of the trimmings are used for soup. The back of the steak is broiled, made into Hamburg steaks or cooked some other way.

There is no perfume more generally agreeable than the clean, sweet odor of orris root. Violet sachet powder, if of a very fine quality, and so faint as to be the mere suggestion of a perfume, is generally pleasant.

Rhubarb Sauce.—Wash one pound rhubarb, trim off the tops, but do not peel it, as the red skin gives a fine color and flavor to the sauce, and will soften perfectly in the cooking. Cut into inch pieces. By cutting the rhubarb down on the board instead of toward the hand, there will be no trouble in dividing the peel. One pound will make about three heaping cups, loose measure; allow two cups sugar and put it into a porcelain double boiler in layers. Use no water, as the juice of the rhubarb will make sufficient syrup. Let it cook without stirring until the sugar is dissolved and the fruit tender. Each piece will be whole and distinct in the clear, red syrup, and will be much more inviting than when stewed to a mush.

Dandelion Salad.—A clear salad of dandelion is a delicious accompaniment of roast ham or a braise of beef. Select only the snowy white leaves, cut off any green tips, and wash the leaves free from sand very carefully in an abundance of cold water. Lift them out of the water in washing them to allow the sand to fall to the bottom. When the leaves are clean lay them on the ice to become crisp and cold. Put the salad in a salad bowl when you are ready to serve it, and mix half a teaspoonful of salt and half a salt-spoonful of pepper with a saladspoonful of vinegar. Add a saladspoonful and a half of oil and toss a quart of dandelion leaves in this dressing. A mixture of half-chilled lettuce leaves and half dandelion leaves makes an excellent salad.

Egg Salad.—Boil a dozen eggs until very hard; throw them into cold water a few moments then remove the shells and cut in halves. Remove the yolks, mash fine, add salt, mustard and vinegar to the taste, and return to the whites; smooth off and serve each half on a small leaf of lettuce.

Asparagus Rolls.—Take a well-browned, short, light biscuit, and cut off the thin bottom crust, then scoop out the soft inside. Set the shell and the top in the oven to toast a good brown while you dress the asparagus. Have it cooked tender in slightly salted water, then lift it out and cut it in small pieces without mashing. Make a thick gravy of cream, flour and salt, pepper and butter, and stir the asparagus in it, and then pour each biscuit shell full and put on the top. Serve hot.

Celestine Salad.—Slice some cold cooked artichokes, or cut them into dice, and mix them with finely shred celery, sliced truffles and stewed mussels, tossing the whole into mayonnaise sauce. To be perfect the truffles should have been cooked in wine, and the mussels in bouillon flavored with celery.

Newburgh Salad.—Scald and peel some ripe tomatoes and slice them, toss them in oil vinegar, salt and pepper, as the French salad; treat a cold cooked cauliflower in the same way, breaking it up in neat pieces; now put a layer of tomatoes in a salad bowl, and sprinkle them well with fine baked bread crumbs, finely minced parsley, chives or shallot and sour apples. Cover this with a thin layer of cauliflower similarly treated, and continue these layers till the dish is full. Serve garnished with sardines, well wiped and boned, and some little tufts of watercress.

Sardine Salad en Mayonnaise.—Well wash, drain, and break up a nice lettuce, mince down some spring onions, rub a salad bowl with a clove of garlic, and lay in the lettuce and onions, some sliced tomato and cucumber, and then stir it all together with either a French or a mayonnaise dressing, garnish with hard boiled quartered eggs, some wiped and boned sardines and a good sprinkling of vinegar.

Rice Cream.—Wash ½ cup rice and cover with three cups milk, steam until soft, add 1 pint milk, 4 tablespoons sweet cream and the yolks of 3 eggs beaten with ½ cup sugar. Put all in a double kettle and let it cook 10 minutes. Pour into an earthen pudding dish, frost with the beaten whites of 2 eggs, to which are added 4 spoonfuls of sugar and 1 teaspoon extract of lemon. Place in oven for a few minutes.

Prune Pudding.—Scald 1 pound prunes and let them swell in hot water till soft, drain and extract the stones, spread in a dish and dredge with flour. Take 1 gill from a quart of milk and stir into it gradually 8 tablespoons sifted flour, beat 6 eggs very light and stir by degrees into the remainder of the quart of milk, alternating with the batter. Add the prunes, one at a time, stir the whole very hard, boil 2 hours and serve with hard sauce or cream.

Listening.—In discussing the art of conversation nearly all the attention is given to what is said. The matter and the manner of our words, the motives which prompt them, the wisdom which chooses them, their probable effects for good or for evil, receive and deserve much scrutiny. Comparatively little notice is taken of the other half of conversation, which consists in listening.

It is usually regarded as a simple passive condition, needing no particular effort, and, therefore, no special consideration. Like a vessel which merely holds the liquid poured into it, the listener is supposed for the time to be only receptive, all his active faculties being reserved for the time when he comes to reply.

The common phrase, "having nothing to do but listen," betrays the small respect paid to the act, and the slight effort it is thought possible to put into it.

Thus it happens that, as no one is systematically taught and trained to listen, we have few really good listeners among us, and, for the want of them, much good speaking is absolutely wasted.

For listening is an art, having as many grades and qualities as any other, and, until this is recognized, the value of conversation must be sadly limited.

Regular Customer, disposed to be facetious: "Well! you will have to trust me for the paper until to-morrow."

Clerk: "Oh, that's all right, sir!"

Customer: "But suppose I was killed between now and to-morrow?"

Clerk: "Well, the loss would not be much, sir."

On the Wreck.

BY S. U. P.

One of the most thrilling tales of the sea was related by old Captain Hallam on his return from India. The captain had cruised in every part of the habitable globe, and had seen many strange sights, and experienced many curious adventures; yet, as he acknowledged, there was none that affected him like this.

"I always had a liking for the East India trade, and having an offer of first mate on one of the best merchantmen that ever doubled the cape, you may be sure I wasn't long in accepting it. We had a fine run out, and as the company offered a premium of a hundred pounds to the ship that should bring in the first cargo of coffee, you may also be certain that we lost no time in getting our cargo in and starting home again.

"We crowded on every stitch of sail, and were pretty sure of getting the premium, as we had thoroughly tested our speed in coming out, and were sure there were none taking in their cargo that could hold their own with us. It was one of those bright days, such as you don't see in these latitudes, that we weighed anchor and started for home. We didn't use the overland route so much in those days as they have got to doing since, our course being down across the Indian ocean, around the Cape of Good Hope, and then up the Atlantic to old England.

"We had splendid weather the first few days, and had got down well in the Indian ocean, and were on the lookout for the mountains of South America when the man at the mast-head called out that there was some curious object off to the seaward whose nature he couldn't make out. It could not be a wreck, he said, for it had no resemblance to one, and there had been no storm of late in this latitude. It resembled the back of some huge fish more than anything else, and yet it remained too motionless and stationary to be that. The fact was, the man couldn't tell what it was, and reported so to the captain.

"The captain was in a quandary. A good long distance behind us we could see the spars and sails of a ship that we had good reason to believe was a merchantman that was after us with the intent of a race for the prize awaiting the first comer in London; but he was a kind-hearted man and he didn't know but that there might be some beings in distress, and he never could feel easy if he should pass them by. Accordingly he gave orders to lay to, and put off to the mysterous object.

"That's what people ought always to do, whether they have got the time or not. God only knows how many a poor being has stood alone on a wreck when a vessel had passed in plain sight supposing it to be abandoned.

"Pretty soon we made it out; it was a vessel bottom side up, and might have been of a hundred and fifty or two hundred tons, or so. She was so far under abaft that we could not make out her name, and I don't know as any of us felt there was much use in doing so, when we launched our boat, went alongside, and some of us went upon the vessel's bottom.

"I can tell you that never to my dying day shall I forget the thrill that went through me, when, after walking carefully about I heard something knocking beneath us. We all stopped and listened.

"'It's a part of the cargo bumping around,' said one of the men.

"'It doesn't sound like it,' I replied.

"'What else can it be?'

"'Hush!——'

"Faintly and distinctly, but still unmistakably, we heard the murmur of human voices beneath. There was no mistake, and instantly returning to the vessel, we procured the few tools that, as bad luck would have, by some unaccountable mischance, we happened to have on board. Coming back again, we instantly set to work with an ax, hatchet and saw; but in my eager haste, the ax glanced at the first blow, slipped from my hands, and flew overboard.

"How bitterly I bewailed my carelessness, for it was this which was needed more than the other two, and whose loss was almost irreparable; but lamentations could avail nothing, and we set to work with a will with the hatchet and saw.

"We had toiled a few minutes, when we made a hole in the plank, under which we had heard the noise, large enough for a person to show his face, and for us to hear from below the shout of those who hailed us as their deliverers.

"But, oh, heavens! what a feeling of horror ran through us all when we found that instead of saving the poor beings beneath, we were only sending them to a more speedy destruction. The hole that we had made, while it was too small to permit a human being to come through was allowing the air to escape, and the vessel was slowly, but surely, sinking, and would soon go to the bottom of the sea.

"When the light of heaven first broke through the hull of the vessel upon the beings below, they gave themselves up to the delirium of joy. They shouted and yelled, and acted more like madmen than sane people; but soon the awful truth broke upon them.

"We worked with hatchet and saw, with all the energy and desperation men are capable of, but could only cut the plank. In vain we cut and hacked with our hatchet, upon the close timber of the little schooner. Our ax! we would have given worlds for it now; it might have saved them.

"But soon they, as well as ourselves, began to perceive that our utmost exertions were useless, and they crowded the too small aperature we had made, putting through their hands, and seizing ours with their convulsive grasps.

"Oh, hope, long deferred, thus to drown in ecstasy, and sink in dispair! They yelled, they blasphemed, and prayed. They cursed the light of Heaven, which broke upon them sooner to shroud them in eternal darkness, and then they frequently implored forgiveness.

"Amidst this confusion, the captain of the schooner made his way to the opening and arresting the disorder beneath, said:

"'My good friends, how much of the hull still remains above water?'

"'Several feet only.'

"'And she is sinking quite rapidly?'

"'I am sorry to say she is.'

"'How long do you think it will be before we go to the bottom?'

"'Less than half an hour—in fifteen or twenty minutes at the most.'

"'Rather bad to have our hopes awakened only to be disappointed again—don't you think so?'

"'It is indeed; God knows I would give my life almost for the means to rescue you. The first blow I made with the ax, it flew from my hands, sank to the bottom, and we have been working away with a little miserable hatchet ever since.'

"'Is it utterly out of the question to make a hole large enough for us to drag our body through?'

"'It might be done with the ax, but it would require two hours with the hatchet.'

"'I am sorry, but there is no use in lamenting what can't be helped. You have tried to do your duty, and we thank you as sincerely as if you had been the means of saving us.'

"That captain was a hero; he was as cool as if treading the quarter-deck of his own vessel, instead of being within fifteen minutes of death. After exchanging the words with me that I have mentioned, he turned to those below him, and communicated the information I had given. I heard him tell them that they had a quarter of an hour in which to prepare, and he advised them to do it like men, instead of wasting their time in childish and useless lamentations. He then turned his face toward me.

"'As for me,' said he, in the most pleasant of voices, 'I have always tried to live, so as to be ready for death whenever he should come. I am not afraid to meet him, for I have the armor of a Christian who trusts in his Saviour; and, my kind friend, the last words I give you, are for you to clothe yourself in that same armor, if it should be that you have not already done so. The time is too short for me to give you an account of the manner in which we got ourselves in this situation. I have a wife and child,' here his voice faltered.

"'Name but your wishes, and I pledge myself that they shall be attended to, if it's the last act of my life.'

"'I am from America ——'

"'No matter from what part of the world, don't hesitate to make known your request, and I beg to remind you that your time is growing short.'

"'I understand, thank you; I am Captain Edward R. Turncliff and live in New Bedford, Massachusetts——'

"'Your vessel is not a whaler?' I interrupted, with a criminal disregard of the preciousness of the time, and he, like a born gentleman, paused and answered my question deliberately.

"'No; I started on a trading expedition in this schooner; but I have a wife and two little girls in New Bedford, who will look for my return. If you should ever go to the United States——'

"'There is no if about it; God sparing my life, till we reach port, I shall go straight to New Bedford and search them out, and give them your last message.'

"'You can comprehend how deeply I thank you, for I cannot give utterance to it——'

"'Go on, go on!'

"'Carry to her and my darling children the love of the dying husband and father. Charge her to bring them up as she is now doing, and urge them to be dutiful and good to her. One of the men below is my brother; but as he has no family, and our parents are dead, he has no message to send. The other two are both single men, living in New Bedford; their names are William Rushton and George Kendrick, and each have a widowed mother to support. They have asked me to tell you to bear their love to them, and we all hope to be reunited with our loved ones in the world to come.'

"'Is that all?' I inquired.

"'I think of nothing more.'

"'Have no hesitation; have you no article or token to send them?'

"'How kind in you to remind me of it; here is my pocket-book, with a considerable amount of money; it belongs to them.'

"At this point he turned to those below, and the next moment four pocket-books were passed up through the hole to me. As he did so, I heard the wind rush through the partially closed opening, and I observed that the boat was sinking more slowly, but was still settling surely, and in the very nature of things could but remain above a few minutes longer.

"'Reach your hand down,' said he, 'and let me kiss it. When you see my darling wife, show her the spot and let her do the same. You'll please her, I know. And now my best of friends, good-by. You have done all you could for us. Good-by.'

"He turned his head away, and I was about to leave the wreck, when I heard his voice.

"'See here, quick!'

"'What is it?' I asked, a strange thrill running through me.

"'How much of the hull is still above water?'

"'Quite a good deal; more than I had reason to expect. From some cause or other you seem to be sinking slower than at first.'

"'Have we fifteen minutes still remaining to us?'

"'I think so, and possibly even twenty; hardly as much, however.'

"'Then—but is hardly of any use,' he said, interrupting himself.

"'In God's name, speak out,' said I, feeling a singular interest in all that related to the noble captain.

"'I have a plan of my own,' he answered; 'the others know nothing about it. It is foolish, and it may only awaken hope again for them, to be as dreadfully disappointed as they have been of late.'

"'Let's hear it!—let's hear it!' I cried, excitedly; 'if there is the slightest chance, let's give it a trial.'

"'I have a piece of tarpaulin or oil-cloth, which is air-tight. By placing it over the hole you have made, I can almost stop the escape of air. I cannot do it entirely, however; but it will delay the sinking of the hull for an hour, I think. If it can be of no avail in the end, I prefer not to give it a trial, but to go to the bottom as speedily as possible, as we have made up our minds to do so. I leave the matter with you. What do you advise?'

"'Try it, by all means; it can do no hurt, and it may save you. God grant that it may; but oh! the chances are small.'

"'As you please.'

"The next moment the hole which we had cut through the plank was covered with the dark oil-cloth. The pressure of the escaping air caused it to swell outward with great force, but the strong grip of the captain and the firm texture of the cloth were not overcome, and with a wild pleasure, which I cannot describe, I saw that the wreck had stopped sinking.

"I sat looking at the closed aperture a moment, and then, placing my head close to it, I shouted:

"'How long can you hold it?'

"His voice sounded faint and far down in the water as he replied, in his manly voice:

"'All day and night, if you wish it. How does it work, and what are the prospects?'

"'First rate; you have completely stopped the escape of air, and you will float as long as you can keep this aperture closed. Let nothing induce you to take it off, until I give you the word.'

"'Ay, ay, sir,' was the hearty response 'Take your own time, and don't hurry on our account. We are as comfortable as could be expected under the circumstances. But, see here!' he suddenly called, in a louder voice.

"'I am listening,' I answered.

"'Let me beseech you to work carefully; don't pierce through the planking until you have thinned it so that you can smash in two or three square feet. If you open another place, and it should be too small for us to get through, we are gone certain. The hole must be big enough for us to creep through in short metre, for the escape of the air will send us down within three minutes.'

"'I understand,' I answered. 'Keep up a good heart.'

"'Go ahead, then; I will not interrupt you any more. God bless you!'

"I was once more idly seated on the hull of the wreck, which resembled the back of some floating sea-monster. I turned to my men.

"'Now, boys, there seems to be a chance of saving these poor fellows below. How shall we go to work?'

"We have nothing but the hatchet; the saw is good for nothing, and there isn't another ax on board the ship.'

"'What an unaccountable piece of stupidity to have but a single ax on board a merchantman, and that now lies ten thousand feet below us.'

"'There's an auger or two.'

"'That can't help us. You see, we have a delicate piece of business before us. We must thin off the planking for the space of several square feet, and then crush it in all at once.'

"'We must be careful, sir, but I think it can be done.'

"'Can you do it?' I asked of Mulloy, who I remembered to have heard had served an apprenticeship as a carpenter.

"'Begging your pardon, sir, I think perhaps I might.'

"'Take the hatchet then and go to work.'

"He accepted the instrument, and was about to begin its use, when a sudden idea flashed over me.

"'Hold!' I interrupted; 'I think I can improve on the plan. One of you return to the ship and bring off several pounds of powder, the auger and some matches.'

"'Are you going to blow 'em out?' inquired Mulloy.

"'That's my plan; to be frank with you, I don't believe we shall be able to save them by means of the hatchet. Not knowing the exact thickness of the plank, I don't believe we could avoid letting the air in sooner than we wish, and only succeed in drowning the four poor fellows that have been given new hope of life.'

"All agreed with me, and one of the men at once returned to the ship, for the articles I had mentioned.

"While he was absent, I gave the plan to Captain Turncliffe. It suited him exactly, although, of course, the explosion would be likely to injure him and his companions; but that risk was not to be taken into consideration at such a time. He told me to bore a hole with the auger until I had penetrated through the planking, then to pass a knife through the larger opening, and he would scoop a place for the powder. When this was done, he would place a heavy plank directly beneath the auger-holes and the hollow, which was to be dug out around this; the plank would then be braced as well as possible under the circumstances, the powder poured in and touched off.

"This plan was adopted, Captain Turncliffe worked coolly and deliberately, and finally, had a broad hollow scooped around the auger-hole, and extending upward within an inch or two of the outside. I could see the point of his knife as he worked, carefully and skillfully, we maintaining a pleasant conversation all the while. This allowed a portion of the air to escape, but very little.

"When he announced that all was ready, I poured several pounds of powder down the opening, placed a fuse to it, set fire, and we then drew off several yards in our boat to witness the explosion.

"A dull boom burst upon the air, and I saw a huge piece of timber fly twenty feet upward. The next moment a charred and blackened man crept to view, followed by another and another; but ere the fourth (who, as you might expect, was Captain Turncliffe himself) could come forth, the immense escape of air caused the hulk to disappear and sink.

"But the captain was a matchless swimmer, and the wreck was hardly out of sight when he appeared on the surface, made several strokes toward us, and the next moment was in our boat, laughing like a boy as he came over the side.

"How we grasped hands and laughed, and congratulated each other, and cried! for if those men had not just experienced a narrow escape from death, then I don't know what such a thing can be.

"When we reached our ship, Captain Turncliffe gave us the particulars of his mishap. He had left New Bedford in a schooner, bound for the East Indies, but in coming up the Indian ocean they were struck by a sudden gale, which capsized them and drowned six of their men; but, as the captain had happened to be below at the critical moment to call up the men who were saved with him, they were able, upon its going bottom up, to get through the rum scuttle into the hold. The confined air had sustained the vessel, and given them the means of breathing and living for one day and two nights, although as may well be believed, they suffered dreadfully.

"Two years later, when I made a voyage to Boston, I took a run down to New Bedford, on purpose to see the captain and his friends. He happened to be at home, and I need not say how they treated me.

"The captain made me tell the whole thing over, just as I have told every particular; while he laughed and kissed his wife, the tears welled to her eyes, and she looked at me, and said, 'God bless you! God bless you!'"

Humorous.

MY UMBRELLA.

Ah! what is that companion dumb,
That autumn, winter, spring or sum-
Mer, I should always have? My um-
Brella!

But, ah! too oft when showers come,
What is't, as Yankees say, "at hum"
That I have left behind? My um-
Brella!

What does too oft a loan become
To friends whose honesty is numb?
(Friendship meets no return)—My um-
Brella!

Henceforth, then, foul or fair, by gum!
Whether or no they hoist the "drum,"
I'll never part from thee, my um-
Brella!

Henceforth, too, I'll my latest crumb,
My latest drop, my fortune's sum,
Give to my friend—but not my um-
Brella!

Harmless explosion—A burst of eloquence.

The "bump of destructiveness"—A railway collision.

Some men are so tough that you can't cut them on the street.

One kind of high living which does not produce the gout—Living in a garret.

What's the use of putting a watch in cork when it already has a spring inside?

Counter irritants—People who examine the whole of the stock and buy nothing.

A cook advertises for a situation, and adds, "No objection to dressing children." Horrible!

The dead are never ill. Consequently all diseases may be classified as affections of the liver.

Why is the letter G like a gentleman who has left an evening party?—Because it makes one, gone.

Young doctor: Which do you consider the best paying specialty?

Old doctor: People who only think they are sick.

Blobbs: Has Wigwag ever shown any indication of remarkable courage?

Slobbs: He umpired a game of baseball once.

Muggins: What was the cause of Wigwag and his wife getting divorced?

Ruggins: It started when they bought different makes of bicycles.

Overheard in a butcher's shop: What a lovely sheep's heart you sent me yesterday! Please let me have another from the same animal!

An enthusiastic editor, speaking of a new prima donna, says: "Her voice is as soft as a roll of velvet, and as tender as a pair of slop-shop pantaloons."

"Boo-hoo-hoo!" roared Tommy; "Billy's eaten all my cake."

"You said I might have a bite," said Billy, "and it isn't my fault if my bite is as big as your cake."

"Cast iron sinks," is the announcement on the sign of a suburban plumber. "Well, who said it didn't?" was the inquiry of a countryman, who read it over three or four times, and chuckled when he thought he saw the point.

"There's one thing," he said, jocularly, "men never get together and talk about one another the way women do."

"No," she answered, "I don't think they do. There is nothing interesting to say about them."

Two sable philosophers took shelter under the same tree during a heavy shower. After some time one of them complained that he felt the rain. "Nebber mind," replied the other, "dere's plenty ob trees; when dis'un is wet troo we'll go to anoder."

An idler boasted to a farmer of his ancient family, laying much stress upon his having descended from an illustrious man who lived several generations ago. "So much the worse for you," replied the farmer; "for we invariably find the older the seed, the poorer the crop."

Husband, old style question: What! dipping into the third volume to see if every one is married?

Wife, new style of answer: Oh, they were married in the first volume. I only wanted to see if it was really her husband who poisoned her.

Moss Johnson: Wot ails yo'r countenance, Jim?

Jim Jackson: I dun called onto Miss Snowflake last evenin' an' durin' a little love-spat she dun biffed me wif a flatiron.

Moss Johnson: Yo' sly cuss! I didn't know yo' two was engaged.

A tourist went to Iceland to look for the lava streams. He tramped day after day over the charred face of the dried up lava of that volcanic land without seeing anything that answered to his idea of streams.

"But where are the lava streams?" he asked.

"Where are the lava streams!" said the surprised guide. "Why, you are sitting on them, sir."

WHERE BATHS ARE RARE.

If you live in as cold and comfortable a country as Finland, it is highly probable that you would never take a bath. Therefore you will appreciate this remarkable story, which proves the great virtue and bravery of the Finns.

There are Finns no doubt who bathe every day; but, like the most of the real heroes of this world, they live and die in obscurity, unhonored and unsung.

There are, on the other hand, no Finns who do not take at least one bath a month. And this is a pretty high average when you consider that for all France the average is one bath a year for every Frenchman, and in Germany the average is seven-tenths of a bath a year for every German, and in England the average is one-half a bath a year for every Englishman. These are thin and poor averages when compared with the Finnish average of twelve baths a year a person.

But it is not the number of baths that is so interesting as the Finlander's method of taking those baths. Of course, even in such centres of civilization as Keitele, the people have long ceased to be quaint.

But take a village like Trasborg, which is tucked away in an obscure corner of the banks of Ulea Trark, and you find the ancient and honorable Finnish bathing custom in full force.

On the banks of the Lake about a quarter of a mile from the huddle of huts called Trasborg you will see a small log house with no windows and apparently with no door. All around the outside of this queer hut runs a bench, the back of which is the wall of the hut and the seat a single board supported by uprights.

There is no chimney. There is a box like a sentry shelter at a little distance from the hut, and it is from the box that an underground passage leads to the interior of the cabin.

On a certain day you will see a huge fire blazing near this cabin, after it has been going for several hours you will observe that the old woman who has been watching the fire will reach into it with a huge pair of tongs and lift out a bowlder. The bowlder is redhot.

She will drag this into the box and go through the underground passage. She will lay it finally in the center of the earthen floor of the cabin, and so she will go on, dragging redhot bowlders out of the fire and piling them up in a mound in the center of the cabin floor. When she has brought the last bowlder, she has a large mound, and the cabin is beginning to warm up.

In a corner of the cabin stands a huge barrel of water. She dips a bucket into the barrel and throws the water on the mound of rocks. Steam bursts from it. When she has thrown on half a dozen buckets, the cabin is choked with steam.

The joyous bathers begin to arrive. While the old woman has been making the steam the villagers have been getting ready. In every family there has been a grand disrobing.

And now from every hut burst the inhabitants, clad only in the simple, tight fitting and innocent garments with which nature has provided all her children. The weather is cold, bitter cold. But the hardy Finnish men, women and children are not disturbed.

They leap over the frozen ground, shouting with laughter and going at full speed to keep their blood circulating. The Finns are far from lovely to look upon, when swathed in their winter garments of fur. In a state of nature they would never attract offers from painters or sculptors seeking models.

But they are so frank and so cheerful and so happy that one does not mind their squat bodies, their rolls of fat, their coarse and greasy skins. So they go bounding to the common bathhouse of the village, running races, tripping one another, jostling one another aside. All are in the merriest possible mood.

There is quite a scramble at the door of the sentry box, as so many arrive at the same time. But gradually they disappear until the whole village population is lying or sitting about on the shelves that line the interior walls of the cabin. The mothers have brought the babies. Not a soul is left in the village huts. It is a deserted village.

There are lively times in the bathhouse, as you may imagine. The women are all on one side, the men on the other, and forms can just be dimly made out by the dim tallow dip that sheds a faint, smoky light.

The place is full of steam, and the temperature is away up toward blood heat. Hour after hour the ingenious Finns lounge or sleep or gossip. They stay until they are thoroughly broiled out and the room begins to get chilly.

Then they all outside the house on the bench. They do not mind the freezing air. They lounge about as if it were summer time, smoking, drinking, feeling clean and light hearted.

They do not destroy this pleasure by indulging too often. Once a month is often enough. Thirty days of quiet and then one day of the full, round joy of perfect cleanliness is just about right for keeping the balance adjusted.

A NOBLE income nobly expended is no common sight; it is far more easy to acquire a fortune like a knave than to expend it like a gentleman. If we exhaust our income in schemes of ambition, we shall purchase disappointment; if in law, vexation; if in luxury, disease. What we lend we shall most probably lose; what we spend rationally, we shall enjoy; what we distribute to the deserving, we shall both enjoy and retain.

EIPANS TABULES REGULATE THE STOMACH LIVER AND BOWELS AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.

RIPANS TABULES are the best Medicine known for Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Chronic Liver Troubles, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Ripans Tabules are pleasant to take, safe, effectual, and give immediate relief. Sold by druggists.

LIQUOR HABIT EASILY CURED. Does not interfere with business. Send for particulars. THE OHIO CHEMICAL WORKS, LIMA, OHIO.

DOLLARD & CO.,

TOUPEE

1223 CHESTNUT ST. Philadelphia, Premier Artistes IN HAIR.

WIG

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GO SAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.	FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to back, No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Fronties, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '93. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, a Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut St., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

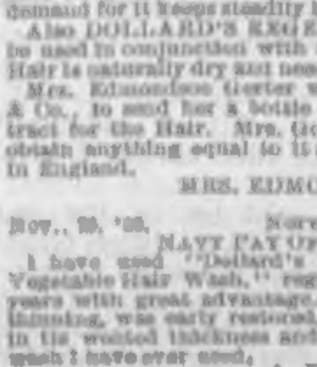
DOLLARD & CO.

1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING. LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

:-: LINCOLN PARK :-:



Chicago Marine Band

C. F. BROOKE, Cond'r

Concerts To-day 2 and 7.15 p. m.

A Whole Show Given in THE VITASCOPE.

ALLYN and LINGARD, Character Artistes.

THE LARGEST AND MOST NOVEL SHOOT THE CHUTE.

PASSENGERS LANDED IN THE PARK

Thus avoiding annoying and dangerous transfers.

No Advance in Fare. Round Trip 25c.

CHILDREN FREE.

Boats leave Race and Christian Sts. Wharves every hour. Sunday every 45 minutes.

In Preparation—Pain's Pyro-Spectacle Production, CARNIVAL OF VENICE.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No Cinder

On and after May 17, 1896.

Trains Leave Reading Terminal, Philada.

Buffalo Day Express, Parlor and Dining Car, Black Diamond Express, For Buffalo, (Parlor Car) Buffalo and Chicago Exp. Sleeping Cars,	daily 9.00 a m; Week-days, 12.30 p m; daily, 6.34 p m, 9.45 p m	1.00 p m, 3.30 p m, 7.00 p m, 12.15 night

Williamsport Express, week-days, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.00 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p m.

Lock Haven, Clearfield and Bellefonte Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m.

FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 4.10, 7.30, (two-hour train), 8.35, 9.30, 10.35, 11.00 a m, 12.45, (dining car), 1.30, 3.05, 4.00, 4.02, 5.10, 6.10, 7.35, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—2.10, 8.35, 9.30, 10.10, 11.50 (dining car) a m, 1.30, 3.50, 6.10, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.1 night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.35, 7.50, 10.00, 10.32, 11.04, a m, 12.37 (dining car), 3.05, 4.10, 6.12, 8.19 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.56, 10.32, a m, 12.44, (dining car), 4.10, 6.12, 8.19, (dining car), 11.43 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 6.00, 8.15 8.50, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.00, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 4.30 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 9.00, 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on all night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.00, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 a m, 12.30, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.34, 7.45 p m. Sundays—4.24, 8.02, 9.00 a m, 1.10, 4.30, 6.54, 8.45 p m. (8.45 p m, does not connect for Easton on Sunday.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.15 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 4.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45, 11.06 a m, 1.45, 4.35, 5.51, 7.20 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.35, 8.00 a m, 11.35 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.35 a m, 6.15, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 5.51, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.45, 4.35, 5.53 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.00 a m, 11.35 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.15 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 5.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 1.45, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m. Accom., 6.15.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, Saturdays only 2.30, 4.05, 5.51, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.00 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.00 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 5.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.30 a m.

For Danville and Bloomsburg, 10.05 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00, a m, 2.00 (Saturdays only 3.00), 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 5.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Leave Atlantic City depot—Week-days—Express, 7.35, 9.00 a m, 2.30, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 6.50, 8.15 a m, 4.35 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

FOR CAPE MAY.

Week-days, 9.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m.

Leave Cape May, week-days, 7.35 a m, 3.40 p m. Sundays, 5.40 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner Broad and Chestnut streets, 833 Chestnut street, 1000 Chestnut street, 609 N. Third street, 3902 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

I. A. SWEIGARD, C. G. HANCOCK,
General Superintendent. General Passenger Agent.

AGENTS WANTED to introduce "EARTH GIRDLED," DR. TALMAGE'S wonderful new book. Nearly 600 massive pages. Over 400 pictures. He tells all he saw while traveling 'round the world. Address, "PEOPLE'S," 301 Market St., Phila., Pa.

Were Awarded FOUR MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS, also chosen for 32 STATE AND FOREIGN BUILDINGS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR. Twenty Medals and Diplomas were taken by makers of the raw materials used by me in constructing the Crowns.

The Crown is the only Piano which contains the Wonderful Orchestral Attachment and Practice Clavier, the greatest invention of the age and by the use of which you can imitate perfectly the Harp, Zither, Banjo, Mandolin, Guitar, Clavicord, Dulcimer, Spinet, Harpsichord, Music Box, Autoharp, Bag Pipe, Etc.

THE CROWN IS THE ONLY PIANO WORTH $1000.00 MORE THAN IT COSTS.

The Illustrated Souvenir Catalogue, telling the whole story, sent free. Ask for it.

GEO. P. BENT, Manufacturer,
345-353 Washington Boul., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Don't buy a Piano or Organ until you hear and examine a "Crown" and get prices.

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, say "Way Down on the Swanee River," either "In the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC, IMMEDIATELY correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE.

By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, Pa. taken. Address—

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.